

S A L M A G U N D I:

A MISCELIANEOUS COMBINATION OF

ORIGINAL POETRY;

CONSISTING OF

ILLUSIONS OF FANCY;

AMATORY, ELEGIAC, LYRICAL, EPIGRAMMATICAL,

AND OTHER

PALATABLE INGREDIENTS.

THE THIRD EDITION, WITH CORRECTIONS.

SOLUM
 POSCIMUS UT CAENES CIVILITER.
 JUVENAL, SAT. V.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY E. HODSON, BELL-YARD, TEMPLE-BAR;

FOR J. ANDERSON, NO. 62, HOLBORN-HILL.

1793.

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SALMAGUNDI

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Miscellaneous Combination

OF

ORIGINAL POETRY.



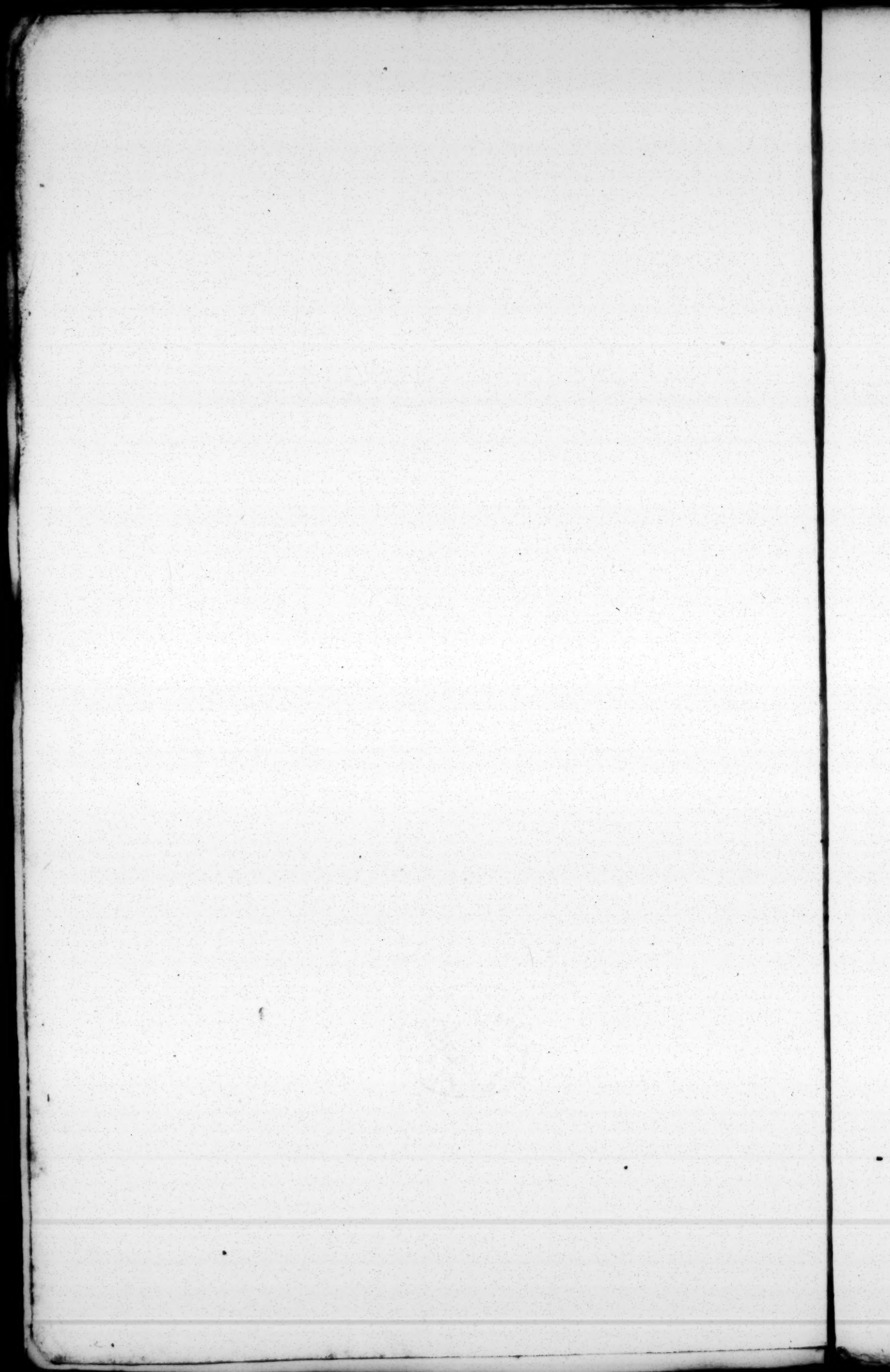
O Wanton ye Fairies, round her tranquil bower?

Ode 2.

9 A NEW EDITION.

Published as the Act directs Dec: 8th 1791. by J. Anderson, 62, Holborn Hill.





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LONDON:

PRINTED BY E. HODSON, BELL-YARD, TEMPLE-BAR;
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1793.

TO

RICHARD WYATT, ESQ.

OF MILTON PLACE, SURRY:

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE EDITOR'S OBLIGATIONS

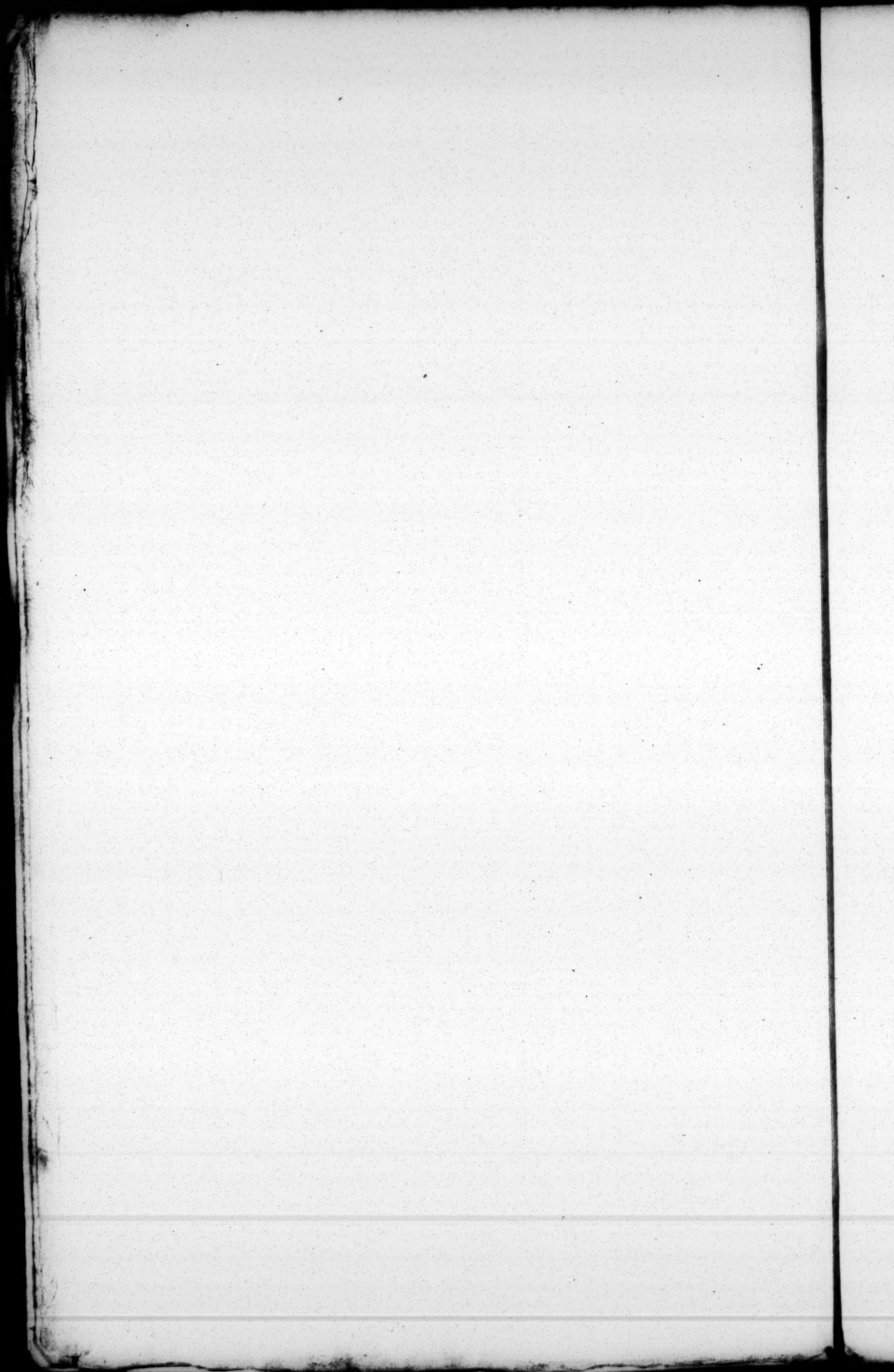
TO HIS

LIBERAL AND LONG EXPERIENCED FRIENDSHIP,

THIS PUBLICATION IS DEDICATED,

WITH

RESPECT AND GRATITUDE.



ILLUSIONS OF FANCY.

ME LUDIT AMABILIS
INSANIA. HOR. CARM. LIB. 3. ODE 4.

CONGENIAL to my pensive breast
O'ershadowing clouds the skies invest,
Fast-falling showers deform the glade,
No cheering ray dispels the shade,
No lark's clear carol wakes the morn
That lowering bids my steps forlorn
Abandon SURRY's smiling plains,
Fly the LOV'D ROOF where Friendship reigns,

Where liberal Mirth that Care beguiles,
And calm Contentment's heav'nly smiles
Their heart-enlivening influence shed ;
Where Time throws off his wings of lead,
And clad in purple plumage light
Speeds swifter than the winds his flight.
Thence as my devious course I steer,
FANCY in fairy visions clear
Bids, to beguile my 'tranced eyes,
Past joys in sweet succession rise :
Refreshing Zephyr's balmy breath
Bids me inhale where ASCOT HEATH,
Impregnated with mild perfume,
Bares its broad bosom's purple bloom :
Gives to my view the splendid croud,
The high-born racer neighing loud,
The manag'd steeds that side by side
Precede the glittering chariot's pride,
Within whose silken coverture
Some peerless Beauty sits secure,
And, fatal to the soul's repose,
Around her thrilling glances throws.

Hence, FANCY! wing thy rapid flight
O'er oaks in richest verdure dight,
Whose writhed limbs of giant mould
Wave to the breeze their umbrage bold;
Bear me, embowering shades between,
Through many a glade and vista green
Whence silver streams are seen to glide,
And towering domes th' horizon hide,
To LEONARD's forest-fringed Mound*;
Where lavish Nature spreads around
Whate'er can captivate the sight,
Elysian lawns, and prospects bright
As visions of expiring saints,
Or scenes that HARCOURT's pencil paints.
Bear me where 'midst enamell'd meads
Redundant Thames his bounty sheds,
Teeming with many a plenteous freight:
Where o'er the vale in antique state
Imperial WINDSOR's turrets frown,
And massy fanes of old renown.

* St. Leonard's Hill, in Windsor Forest, the residence of the Honourable GENERAL HARCOURT.

Give me to gaze with ardent eye
On gorgeous spoils of Chivalry ;
To ken aloft the radiant rows
Of banners won from Britain's foes ;
Recall the glorious deeds of yore ;
Shew the dark mail that EDWARD wore ;
The falchion shew, whose thundering stroke
Cressy's pale ranks impetuous broke ;
From whose fell glare unnerv'd with dread
Gallia's aspiring Chieftains fled,
Or from its edge, with nobler aim,
Gather'd the meed of death and fame.

Give me, fair FANCY ! to pervade
Chambers in pictur'd pomp array'd,
Peopling whose stately walls I view
The godlike forms that RAFFAELLE drew,
Enraptur'd see his magic hand
Wield the creative Pencil-wand
Whose touches animation give,
And bid th' insensate canvass live,

Glowing with many a deed divine
Achiev'd in holy Palestine.
The Passions feel its potent charm,
And round the mighty Master swarm:

Lo! where DISMAY with haggard gaze *
The death-smote Hypocrite surveys;
Beholds his eyes convulsive roll,
And Fate arrest his sordid soul!

Lo! motionless ATTENTION stands †,
Where to the firmament his hands
Sublime the great Instructor rears!
While Athens rapt in wonder hears
Truth's energetic voice proclaim
Her unknown God's tremendous name!

* Cartoon.—The Death of Ananias, in the Royal Apartments at Windsor Castle.

† Cartoon—Paul preaching at Athens.

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Deep read in Superstition's lore,
Behold capricious ZEAL adore *,
In sublunary weeds array'd,
The fabled Gods her fears have made!
" Those pow'rful sounds," she cries, " I know:
" Hark ! from the honied lips they flow
" Of Maia's Son !—Can Man dispense
" Activity to impotence ?
" Can energy of mortal hand
" The shrunk, distorted limb expand ?
" Inveterate force of ills confound,
" And bid the lame with transport bound ?—
" 'Tis Jove's,—the unexampled deed !
" To Jove th' Isaurian Steer shall bleed !
" To Jove the rich libations pour !
" Braid in bright wreaths each blooming flow'r,
" Swell each loud strain of festive mirth,
" To gratulate the Gods on earth !"—

* Cartoon.—Paul and Barnabas at Lystra.

ARTIST SUPREME! by Nature taught
To clothe with life each glowing thought,
Too soon * the Destinies conspire
To quench thy pencil's hallow'd fire ;
Too soon the soul that warm'd thy clay
Aspir'd to realms of endless day
On wings of ecstasy, to join
Sages and saints, a band divine,
Whose godlike forms (ere death withdrew
The veil that darkens mortal view)
Heav'n bade thy penetrative eye
Amid her dazzling courts descry ;
Thence bade thee trace the faultless line,
Th' expressive grace, the chaste design,
The mien that love and awe inspires,
And wakes Devotion's purest fires.
Thy memory, still to genius dear,
Britain's enlighten'd sons revere ;
And grateful hail their Monarch's name,
Whose liberal care thy labours claim :

* RAFFAELLE died in 1520, at the age of 37 years.

To heights impervious heretofore
Who bids immortal Science soar ;
Far seen in venerable pride,
Whose regal seat, expanding wide
Its portals at his high behest,
Hails ev'ry Art, an honour'd guest :
Beneath whose mild, auspicious reign
The Genius old of Greece again,
Awaken'd from his deep repose,
In REYNOLDS' living canvass glows ;
(Where Grace and Energy divine
With Beauty truly blent combine)
And braids his deathless bays around
The BRITISH RAFFAELLE'S brows renown'd.
Lo ! by HIS daring hand pourtray'd *,
The sanguinary scene display'd
Where martial peers, in glittering mail,
Unfold their pennons to the gale ;
O'er Normandy's dismantled plains
Where iron-clad Contention reigns ;

* The Victories of Edward the Third, and Edward the Black Prince, painted by Mr. WEST.

And Havoc waits (his tresses wet
With gore) thy nod, Plantagenet!
Wafted from Albion's Isle afar,
Where wake her sons the storm of war;
Where, ravish'd from the parent stem
To grace the Victor's diadem,
Thy Lilies, France, no more assume
The splendour of their wonted bloom;
No more with peerless lustre glow,
But soil with blood their native snow!—

Now o'er the braid from FANCY's loom
The rich tints breathe a deeper gloom;
While, consecrated domes beneath
Midst hoary shrines and caves of death,
Secluded from the eye of day
She bids her pensive votary stray.
Brooding o'er monumental cells
There awe-diffusing SILENCE dwells,
Save when along the lofty fane
DEVOTION wakes her hallow'd strain,

When the vast Organ's breathing frame
Echoes the voice of loud acclaim,
And the deep diapason's sound
Thunders the vaulted iles around.
From the broad window's fretted height
Streams the rich flood of mellow'd light,
That bids the pav'd expanse below
With hues of gold and crimson glow
Reflected from the gorgeous pane,
Where PICTURE holds her lasting reign:
Where, in translucent glories dight,
Celestial forms arrest the sight;
Th' enraptur'd gazer's pow'rs control,
And bathe in ecstasy the soul.
There, rang'd in reverend majesty,
The taper shafts ascending high
To decorate the crisped roof
Their mingling branches shoot aloof;
Where, blazon'd in projecting gold,
Flame the proud crests of Barons bold.

Now beams on FANCY's eye no more
The spangled roof, the polish'd floor,
The speaking chrystal's various stain
Illumining the wondrous fane :
Choirs, altars, shrines illusive fade.—
Enliv'ning Airs my sense invade :
Encircled by the young and fair,
The blithe ASSEMBLY's bliss I share ;
Swift o'er the lyre's harmonious strings
His magic hand the minstrel flings ;
Obedient to the sprightly sound,
The dancer's quivering feet rebound ;
Diffusing wide their silver rays,
Aloft the sparkling lustres blaze ;
While milder emanations flow
From love-enkindling orbs below.
Amid the soul-subduing scene
Lo ! FAUCONBERG's majestic mien
Conspicuous tow'rs above the rest :
Impurpled plumes her brows invest,
Amid whose trembling summits high
Insidious Cupids ambush'd lie.

To each enchanting Grace allied,
Here FANCY bids fair BOUVERIE glide,
Light as the breath of opening morn
O'er beds of unsunn'd violets borne,
And win each heart, a willing prize,
Unconscious of her victories.
There TOWNSHEND threads the pleasing maze:
Ah who can unenamour'd gaze!
To fan the flame of chaste desire
There LAW's ingenuous charms conspire;
Smiles that enthrall the ravish'd sense,
The speaking eye's soft eloquence,
And blush, whose living roses dye
The shrine of Sensibility!
Who the sweet magic can withstand
Of powerful Nature's lavish hand
Fresh as the spring, as Hebe fair,
Where Egham sends a gentle Pair,
And bids the rapt affections hail
The SISTER LILIES of her Vale;
Whose bloom disdains fictitious aid,
Loveliest amid Seclusion's shade!—

The Measures cease—her tempting stores
Around prolific FANCY pours ;
The sumptuous board, extended wide,
Her visionary viands hide :
Beauty and youth the banquet share—
Hence to the winds intrusive Care !
Fly, haggard Spleen ! the glad abode
Where holds his state the rosy God ;
Where Cytherea, hand in hand,
The Graces leads, a blissful band ;
Where Comus to his festive rites,
To joy and genial cheer, invites ;
Where Frolic, Sport, and Jollity
Await their queen, Euphrosyne ;
And Love, around her hovering,
Beats the light air with sapphire wing ;
With lustre shed from Beauty's eyes
Gilds his gay vest of thousand dyes,
Whose undulating folds dispense
Cassia's ambrosial redolence.
Crown'd with each lovely charmer's name,
I see the ruddy nectar flame !

Latent amid th' inspiring draught
Speeds the blind God his subtle shaft;
And while the flask his votary drains
Despotic in his bosom reigns,
Whence, for the Nymph his soul admires,
Th' involuntary sigh expires,
And languor steals through every vein.—
Now to the sprightly dance again!
Wing'd with delight and melody
Swift let the jocund moments fly,
Startling the sombrous train of Night;
'Till, heav'n's blue arch ascending bright,
Aurora the wide welkin streaks
With roses, such as Chloe's cheeks
Amid encircling snows reveal,
When her soft palms love's pressure feel.
Till Sol his steeds of golden hoof
Drives through revolving spheres aloof;
And wakes the blooms that odours breathe,
Enlivening earth and air beneath;
And o'er old Ocean's boundless deeps
His regal robe of glory sweeps.

Then home They hie, and, warm with wine,
Still, as they press the couch supine,
See fairy-visions round them float,
List the soft lyre's imperfect note,
Exhaust th' imaginary vase,
Fair forms in faltering measures chase,
Catch from bright eyes th' ecstatic beam,
And of Ideal Transports dream.

O FANCY ! blest Enchantress, deign
Still to prolong thy blissful reign !
Frequent, to sooth my languid sense,
Thy visionary balm dispense !
Invest in varying colours bright
Each grateful scene of past delight !
Sweet dalliance let me hold with THEE,
Estrang'd from SAD REALITY !

O deign to cheer my humble cell !
Thence grave Parochial Cares expel :

Shield me from Swathed Infants' scream,
 And clouds of suffocating steam
 That from the Gossip's bowl exhale,
 Mix'd with Tobacco's potent gale!
 From Undertakers' gloomy brows,
 From Overseers' important bows,
 From ruthless Sexton's lethal face,
 And Beadles bristled o'er with lace!
 Shield me from puritanic cant
 Of Faded Maids, who matins haunt *;
 And, lowering o'er each lonely pew,
 At once their sins and wrinkles rue!
 My trembling ears, O FANCY, save
 From Sternhold's inharmonious Stave!
 From the sad Brief's unpitied tale,
 From Exposition trite and stale,

* "MORNING.—The Season Winter. Cold as it may appear to be, we have here an Old Maid, going to seven o'clock Prayers, with her half-starved, shivering servant behind her, carrying her Prayer Book, dressed in a single lappet and without an handkerchief, &c. a well pointed satire on such persons as make themselves Singular with respect to Public Worship, merely to attract the notice of their neighbours, &c. &c."

And many an opiate Inference !
Shield me from sounds at strife with sense !
From Pedantry of formal port,
And Consequence in cassoc short !—

So, Goddess, thy propitious smile
Shall Time's ungenial flight beguile,
Wake into joy my torpid hours,
And strew life's barren path with flow'rs.
Nor shall the kindred Muse decline
To blend her simple blooms with thine ;
Blest, if the wreath by FANCY wove
Kind Friendship's partial voice approve ;
Nor sigh for unsubstantial bays
If WYATT's plaudit crown her lays.

AMATORY ODES.

AMATORY ODES.

O D E I.

LET the sons of LUCRE pine
For glittering heaps of golden ore,
To swell th' accumulated store
Contemn the terrors of the mine;
Explore the caverns dark and drear
Mantled around with deadly dew;
Where congregated vapours blue,
Fir'd by the taper glimmering near,
Bid dire explosion the deep realms invade,
And earth-born light'nings gleam athwart th' infernal
shade.

PRIDE, on thy vesture's purple fold
Let the sky-tinctur'd sapphire blaze,
The emerald shed its milder rays,
And rubies blush in circling gold :
Low at thy nod let suppliants bow,
And crested chiefs precedence yield ;
Thy hand the rod of empire wield,
And wreaths of triumph grace thy brow.—
A nobler aim let my ambition own,
Be LOVE my empire, LESBIA's heart my throne !

Where into rage the wintry blast
Awakes old Ocean's torpid wave
Let COMMERCE urge her busy slave ;
And elevate his trembling mast
Above the billowy precipice,
To meet the forked lightning's flash ;
Then down th' adventurous vessel dash,
Found'ring within the black abyss :
Or let his freight secure the surges sweep,
And of their prey defraud the monsters of the deep :

My bark the tide of young desire,
O VENUS to thy happy realm
Shall waft, fair Hope direct the helm,
Love's sighs the swelling sails inspire :
To THEE, bright Offspring of the wave,
I'll many an amorous vow prefer :
From storms of hate thy mariner
And blast of chill indifference save !
So to thy pow'r I'll frame the votive lay,
And moor'd in LESBIA'S arms confess thy sov'reign
sway.

Amid ensanguin'd fields of War,
VALOUR, be thy Votary found ;
Where crimson banners wave around
The martial clarion echoing far ;
In vain gigantic Terror calls
His spectre shapes, a ghastly band :—
Nor Discord hurling high his brand,
Nor Danger's horrid front, appals ;
Nor Death his unrelenting soul can tame,
Or from his grasp withhold the glorious meed of
Fame :

But let me wander far away
From the loud drum and neighing steed,
Thro' many a pansie-painted mead,
Where Isis' bright-hair'd Naiads stray ;
High o'er my head a pendant bow'r
Let the broad elm and branching pine
With intermingling umbrage twine ;
There Love's impassion'd song I'll pour,
And summon every wave that dances near,
Bridling his wanton speed, my LESBIA's praise to
hear.

Where the pale lamp's waning eye,
At ev'ning from some cloyster'd nook
Casts o'er the gloom a lingering look,
There let THE SAGE his labours ply ;
And many a feat of champion bold,
And many a legendary rhyme,
Snatch from the sepulchre of Time ;
And frequent, as the night grows old,
At fear-engender'd forms recoil aghast,
And hear unhallow'd ghosts wail in each hollow blast :

But o'er my haunts with influence bland
Let Ev'ning fling her welcome shade ;
Then mid the dance, O BEAUTEOUS MAID!
Let me thine unreluctant hand
Enraptur'd seize :—or let the Lyre,
Obedient to thy soft control,
Bind in harmonious chains my soul,
And ecstasy and bliss inspire ;
While to the charmed ear in heav'nly strains,
Enamour'd of thy touch, each trembling chord com-
plains.

Then, FAIREST! let my bosom feel
Thy smile's exhilarating pow'r,
Grateful as, mid noon's sultry hour,
The Grot where trickling dews congeal :
And, in the rich grape's purple tide
When Joy and genial Pleasure swim,
Do THOU but kiss its chrystal brim,
And, to thy bard the goblet guide ;
So shall my song exalt thy praise above
Hebe, who bids o'erflow the nectar'd cup of Jove.

ODE II.

Now hath the Sun his evanescent fires
Quench'd in the billows of the western main;
Cease their soft carols all the feather'd choirs,
And gloomy Solitude usurps the plain.

Rise, ye deep shades, ye waves in darkness roll,
Ye feather'd choirs to silence yield the grove,
For LESBIA sleeps:—nor cheers my pensive soul
The glance of rapture, nor the voice of love.

Ye Winds, whose havoc-spreading pinions ply
Their furious speed, and with dire yell invade
This nether world, whose wasteful tyranny
Pale Dryads mourn in many a ruin'd shade,

Wake not my Love :—Let not your thund'ring cry
With dread alarm the haunt of peace infest ;
Here breathe in soft Æolian melody
Each cadence sweet that charms the soul to rest.

Ye Spectres (whom belated pilgrims fear,
Issuing in throngs from charnel, vault, or tomb,
What time deep-shadowing clouds thy radiant sphere,
Cynthia, involve in Night's meridian gloom,)

Hence to deserted fane or mouldering hall,
Or the gaunt felon's ruthless course control ;
With monitory shriek the wretch appal,
And to compunction wake his torpid soul :

But walk not near the couch where LESBIA lies
Like some rich pearl in its enamell'd shell,
Or sainted relick from profaner eyes
Secluded in the dim shrine's silver cell.

Wanton, ye Fairies, round her tranquil bower,
With blisful Elves fantastic measures tread;
O'er her soft eyelids dews of opiate power,
Cull'd from choice blooms, in show'rs of fragrance shed:

Let your bright tapers' visionary ray
The raven-tinctur'd robe of Night illumine;
And streaming o'er your spangled crests display
The wave-enamour'd halcyon's emerald plume.

And bid your Minstrel-Fays, a shadowy choir
That charm the planets from their spheres sublime,
Celestial songs, that love and joy inspire,
Chaunt to their golden harps' harmonious chime.

And, when Morn's purple streaks th' horizon stain,
And Fairies fly the peal of Chanticleer,
Let fancy still your glittering hues retain,
Still let your wild notes tremble on her ear.—

Then, LESBIA, wake thy beauties, fresher far
Than Galatea boasted when she lav'd
In the smooth deep her coral-axled car,
And the stern heart of Neptune's Son enslav'd!

Wake at HIS call, to sooth whose soul in vain
Morn sheds her radiant beam, her odorous airs,
Save when, attentive to his artless strain,
That radiant beam, those odours, LESBIA shares.

He asks no laureate wreath to deck his brows,
No golden meed his bounded wishes claim:
Blest if the Object of his tenderest vows
Smile on his lay—for LESBIA's smile is Fame.

ODE III.

FATE gave with unrelenting speed to fly
The genial hours that LOVE and LESBIA bless'd;
Sad, on her ear I pour'd the parting sigh,
Sad, on her hand the parting kiss impress'd.

Nor LESBIA, generous maid, her hand withdrew,
Nor did her ear disdain the parting sigh;
Swift to her cheek the living crimson flew,
Soft pity fill'd her breast and sympathy.

There all the gentle Charities reside
With liberal Sentiment and chaste Desire,
And banish cold Reserve and ruthless Pride
That bid Affection's trembling flame expire.

"Farewell the Bard," she cried "whose grateful Muse
"Bade many a vocal shade my name resound :
"And, rich in Fancy's visionary hues,
"With many a fairy wreath my tresses bound :

"Still on those artless wreaths shall LESBIA smile,
"Still shall her partial voice applaud thy lay,
"Bid unexpected joy thy cares beguile,
"And Hope's pure radiance gild each rising day."

Ah! far from Love, from LESBIA, doom'd to fly,
Cheerless and sad I trace life's gloomy scene,
And faintly Hope's far distant ray descry,
While clouds and darkness fill the void between!

The seaman thus the Beacon's friendly fires
Dejected views, while the black billows swell,
And from the haven that his soul desires
Remorseless winds his labouring bark repel.

What lenitive can ease the bosom's pain,
What charm the fever of the mind remove?
Can Solitude, can Silence, break the chain
That's forg'd by friendship, sympathy, and love?

Then let me shun the Day-star's glittering beam,
And seek in solitary glens repose :
O'er the dank margin of some lingering stream,
Her pendant shade where the sad willow throws.

Or trace the gloom of some Sepulchral Grove
Where mouldering shrines a death-like stillness
breathe ;
To all the soft anxieties of love
Insensible as those that sleep beneath.

Delusive Hope!—Say, where the solitude
That to intrusive Love access denies ?
Say, where the hallow'd haunt whose glooms exclude
LESBIA's enchanting form from Fancy's eyes?—

Then bid the flood that swells the wanton vine
O'erflow the lucid vase with roses crown'd;
Prepare the feast—and let the God of Wine
Bathe with his purple balm my amorous wound!

Let the ripe cluster's animating tide
Pervade with genial flow my languid frame,
Till Passion's sad sollicitudes subside,
Till fades, all pow'rful Love, thy fatal flame.

Ah! midst the Sons of Revelry in vain
Thy captive, LESBIA, struggles to be free!
God of the grape, thy goblets while I drain,
Still sways my breast Love's mightier Deity!—

Let Harmony from her enchanting shell
Pour the sweet Note that soothes Affliction's sigh:
Now the full chord's deep modulation swell,
Now wake the joy-inspiring symphony;

Such as resounding from thy golden strings,
 Divine Alcæus! charm'd Hell's shadowy throng;
 While combatants renown'd and vanquish'd kings
 Fir'd the bold strains of thine immortal song*.

Say, could the Voice of Melody subdue
 The pangs that tortur'd Ghosts were doom'd to bear,
 And lull to strange repose the serpent-crew
 That hiss, Aleôto, in thine iron hair?

Then let the cares that rend a Lover's breast
 The magic of that Voice resistless prove.—
 Still breathes th' enamour'd Bard his fond request
 In vain—for Music is the food of Love.

* — Te sonantem pleniùs aureo,
 Alcæe, plectro — —
 Pugnas et exactos Tyrannos.

HORAT. L. ii. Ode 13.

When Eve's mild-echoing songs the vale pervade,
Thy milder accents, Nymph belov'd, I hear :
When the sad Lute complains, by Fancy's aid
Thy soft expression soothes my ravish'd ear.

Sweet the wild echoes of the valley,—Sweet
Warbles the soft Lute's melancholy note :
But strains with richer melody replete
From LESBIA's lips on gales of fragrance float.—

Not Music, Wine, nor Solitude can quell
The tumults that this bleeding bosom knows.
Then visit, God of Sleep, my pensive cell,
And to my soul restore its lost repose !

Auspicious to my pray'r the gloomy God
Bids the deep shadows of the Night arise ;
O'er my lone couch extends his sable rod,
And seals with opiate charm his suppliant's eyes.

Ah! whence That Virgin Bloom, on night's dun pall
Whose glance with Pity's mild effulgence beams?
Dear Sov'reign of my soul, at Fancy's call
'Tis LESBIA comes to bless her Poet's dreams!

Less lovely midst the never-fading flowers
Of Paradise the fabled Houri strays!
Less fair the Nymphs of Schiras' cypress bowers
That bloom in amorous Hafez' glowing lays *!

Dazzling the Phrygian Boy's enraptur'd sight
Not Venus 'self with charms that rivall'd thine,
'Mid the broad shades of Ida's piny height
To beauty's meed preferr'd her claim divine!

† Schiras or Scheraz, the capital of Ancient Persia: said to derive its name from Cyrus.—The Poet Hafez', the Anacreon of the East, was entombed in this City, rich in Nature's choicest luxuriance, and overshadowed with Cypresses of unrivalled elevation and beauty.

To Fairy glades, Blest Vision! lead the way,
O'er sands of gold where liquid chrystal roves;
Where drinks unclouded Summer's genial ray
Incense exhal'd from aromatic groves:

Where o'er each shadowy dell and oak-crown'd steep
Celestial forms in bright succession glide;
Where light-rob'd Nymphs th' unbending blossoms
sweep,
Or rise in radiance from the tranquil tide:

Where, LESBIA, as I raise the song to Thee,
The list'ning Fauns their antic dance refrain;
And dulcet sounds of airy minstrelsy
From harps unseen accompany the strain.

And while th' impassion'd lay thy praises breathes
Each ruder gale subsides, ambrosial showers
Embathe the lavish blooms, and living wreaths
Of brighter green array the magic bow'rs.

And Love, light hovering in the balmy air,
Fires his proud torch and nerves his golden bow,
And braids his roseate bands for Thee, my Fair,
And bids thy breast his gentlest transports know.

Thine eyes confess his pow'r:—Stay waining Night!
Start not, Hyperion, from thine orient goal!
Ye blissful dreams, ye visions of delight,
Ye dear delusions, still possess my soul!

Dissolving at th' unwelcome gleam of dawn,
The Spell that sway'd my captive sense expires.—
No liquid chrystal laves the fairy lawn;
No viewless Minstrels wake celestial lyres;

No spicy groves unfading foliage spread;
Beneath their nectarine freight no branches bend;
No Sylvan bands fantastic measures tread;
No pearl-crown'd Sisters from the wave ascend:

The laughing meads where flow'rs spontaneous grew,
The landscape's various grace, the genial skies,
In cloudless azure dress'd, elude my view ;
And glowing Fancy's fair creation dies.

But Thou, blest Object of my hopes and fears,
Still shall the Muse's living meed be thine,
While Grace enchants, while Gentleness endears,
While Admiration bends at Beauty's shrine :

LESBIA! for Thee Affection's genuine glow
Shall realize bright Fancy's fairy dream :
For Thee, th' impassion'd tear, the lay shall flow,
Warm from my heart while flows Life's crimson
stream.

ODE IV.

TO LESBIA'S LUTE.

YE powerful strings, from whose vibration flows
Joy's thrilling tide and sadly pleasing Woe :
Soothing the sense, yet to the soul's repose
Destructive as the Nerve of Cupid's Bow !

With gentlest melody in LESBIA's ear
(If any mortal sounds have pow'r to tell)
Whisper how much I hope—how much I fear—
The pity I implore—the pains I feel.

When her light touch calls forth th' enlivening strain,
Bid rapture float upon the charmed air :
Tell her, when sad th' expressive notes complain :
“ So breathes thy bard the sigh of deep despair.”

Of yore such sounds, as thrill th' enamour'd breast
When LESBIA's hands the silver chords embrace,
Could lull th' embattled elements to rest,
Bend knotted oaks, and tame a ruthless race ;

Yet, LESBIA! like thy Lute tho' Orpheus strung
His lyre to strains divine, its amorous Lord
For Thee had left Euridice unsung,
And Pluto's gloomy confines unexplor'd.

ODE V.

TO THE NAIAD OF GLYMPTON BROOK.

NAIAD, unseen of mortal eyes,
Whose light steps haunt this Current lone,
Where gentle Zephyr's balmy sighs,
With thy wild wave in unison,
Blend their aërial melodies ;

Let me to thy deserted shades
Reveal the never-dying flame
That all my pensive soul pervades,
And teach thine echoes LESBIA's name
Ere the soft light of evening fades !

Unheard, unnotic'd, let me rove
Thy trembling osier wreaths among,
And woo the Muse where none reprove
Affection's unambitious song,
Or chide the plaint of hopeless love.

There, when the Day's dim eyelids close,
Hide me within some shadowy cave;
And, minist'ring to calm repose,
Oh softly bid thy babbling wave
Kiss the dank sedge that round it grows!

No Angler's cruel arts are mine,
Ye timid Tenants of the Brook!
Thrown from my hand no viewless line,
Disguis'd by me no treacherous hook,
Bids you your little lives resign.

Nor this pellucid rill refrain
To sip, Ye Minstrels of the air !
Your downy plumage to distain
With blood no fatal Tube I bear,
Nor pay with death your artless strain.

That Breast no savage sports can share,
Where glow Affection's generous fires :
Soft Pity finds her mansion there,
All whom the breath of life inspires
By her own sorrows taught to spare.

Mine, Gentle NAIAD ! be the dell
Whose clear stream laves thy chrystal grot :
Within its confines let me dwell,
By all but ONE DEAR MAID forgot,
And bid a world of cares farewell.

Oft let me view thy trembling tide
Chequer'd with Cynthia's silver light,
What time, in Fancy's train descried,
Before my fascinated sight
Past Joy's illusive phantoms glide.

Hopeless of happier hours to come,
No more array'd in flattering hues
For me the buds of Pleasure bloom :
Yet deigns, at Fancy's call, the Muse
To gild Affliction's deepening gloom.

With LESBIA's praise the strain shall glow ;
Oh may She taste each bliss supreme
That Hope can paint, or Love bestow ;
And calm as GLYM's sequester'd stream
May her life's gentle current flow !

Wind, Lovely Brook, thy murmuring way,
Still with my sorrows sympathize :
So may thy banks fresh flow'rs inlay,
Thy waves in rich redundance rise,
Mild Zephyrs on thy bosom play !

If Zephyr should his breath deny,
My sighs shall fan thy flowery beds :
If parching rays thy channel dry,
The tears desponding Passion sheds
Shall its exhausted stream supply.

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ELEGY.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

ON Sapphire throne, o'er Heav'n's unnumber'd
fires

The Moon in full-orb'd majesty presides;
Calm are the seas, a favouring breeze transpires,
And thro' the waves the vessel smoothly glides:

Beyond th' horizon's bound the mind extends,
To the sought shores where Hope delusive leads;
And flattering Fancy keen regret suspends
For absent kindred, friends, and native meads:

Till Sympathy from brooding Memory's stores
Culls thorns, and plants them in the bleeding breast;
Sunk into gloom the mind no more explores
Hope's future dawn, and pants in vain for rest.

What tho' the seas are calm, the skies serene,
Thus anguish dictates the desponding strain :
" To Friendship fear presents a gloomier scene,
" The whirlwind's fury and tempestuous main.

" Even now perhaps from many a kindred eye
" My dubious fate compels the generous tear,
" And ev'ry passing cloud that veils the sky
" Chills some fond anxious breast with boding fear.

" In my Love's bosom deeper sorrows roll,
" Frantic with dread she sighs, implores, she raves;
" Whilst Horror paints me, to her sickening soul,
" Dash'd on a rock, or whelm'd beneath the waves."

FATHER OF HEAV'N, whose power controls the
storms,

O let thy mercy hear a wanderer's pray'r!
Check the wild fears connubial fondness forms,
And save the tender Mourner from despair.

For Me whate'er thy sov'reign will shall doom,
Still give me faith to bear that lot resign'd:
That Faith which smiling courts the dreary tomb,
And, Heav'n-aspiring, soothes th' afflicted mind.

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PHILEMON,

AN ELEGY.

WHERE shade yon yews the Churchyard's lonely
bourn,
With faltering step, absorb'd in thought profound,
PHILEMON wends in solitude to mourn,
While Evening pours her deep'ning glooms around.

Loud shrieks the blast, the sleety torrent drives,
Wide spreads the tempest's desolating power;
To grief alone PHILEMON reckless lives,
No rolling peal he heeds, cold blast or shower.

For This the Date that stamp'd his EMMA's doom,
In his fond arms she breath'd her life's last sigh :
" Say, will my Love e'er seek his EMMA's tomb?"
She cried, then clos'd in death each wistful eye.

No sighs he breath'd, for anguish riv'd his breast,
Her clay-cold hand he grasp'd, no tears he shed,
'Till fainting Nature sunk by grief oppress'd,
And ere Distraction came all sense was fled.

Now Time has calm'd, not cur'd PHILEMON's woe,
For grief like his life-woven never dies ;
And still each year's collected sorrows flow,
As drooping o'er his EMMA's tomb he sighs.

LATIN IMITATION OF STANZAS

EXTRACTED FROM GAY'S FABLE OF
THE POET AND THE ROSE.

ORIGINAL.

Go Rose, my CHLOE's bosom grace!
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envied place
With never fading love!
There, Phœnix like, beneath her eye
Involv'd in fragrance burn and die!

Know, hapless Flow'r, that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there :
I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
With envy and despair!
One common fate we both must prove ;
You die with Envy, I with Love.

IDEM LATINÈ REDDITUM.

I, ROSA, deliciæ florum, properare memento
Quà niveo invitat pectore pulchra CHLOE!
O, mihi si liceat tali requiescere nido,
Quàm vellem vestro nuncius ire loco!
Sic, O sic positum, rari Phœnicis ad instar,
Fragranti extinctum morte perire juvat!

At, Flos infelix, caveas! formosius ardet,
Dulcè magis redolet, candidus iste sinus:
Vincendi Nympham spem frustrà pascis inanem,
En folia arescunt, ecce recline caput!
Et Flos et Dominus fato moriuntur eodem,
Te Flamma Invidiæ, Me meus urit Amor.

WHITSUNTIDE.

WRITTEN AT WINCHESTER COLLEGE ON THE IMMEDIATE
APPROACH OF THE HOLIDAYS.

HENCE, Thou Fur-clad Winter, fly ;
Sire of shivering Poverty !
Who, as thou creep'st with chilblains lame
To the crowded charcoal flame,
With chattering teeth and ague cold,
Scarce thy shaking sides canst hold
While Thou draw'st the deep cough out :
God of Foot-ball's noisy rout,
Tumult loud and boist'rous play,
The dangerous slide, the snow-ball fray.

But come, Thou genial Son of Spring,
WHITSUNTIDE ! and with thee bring
Cricket, nimble Boy and light,
In slippers red and drawers white,

Who o'er the nicely-measur'd land
Ranges around his comely band,
Alert to intercept each blow,
Each motion of the wary Foe.

Or patient take thy quiet stand,
The Angle trembling in thy hand,
And mark, with penetrative eye,
Kissing the wave the frequent fly,
Where the trout with eager spring
Forms the many-circled ring,
And, leaping from the silver tide,
Turns to the sun his speckled side.

Or lead where Health, a Naiad fair
With rosy cheek and dripping hair,
From the sultry noon-tide beam,
Dives in ITCHIN'S crystal-stream.

Thy Votaries, rang'd in order due,
To-morrow's wish'd-for Dawn shall view
Greeting the radiant Star of Light
With Matin Hymn and early Rite:
E'en now, these hallow'd haunts among,
To Thee we raise the Choral Song * ;
And swell with echoing minstrelsy
The strain of joy and liberty.

If pleasures such as these await
Thy genial reign, with heart elate
For Thee I throw my gown aside,
And hail thy coming, WHITSUNTIDE.

* A Latin Song called "DOMUM," sung with instrumental accompaniment, on the day before the commencement of their Whitsuntide Vacation, by the Scholars of Winchester College. The words "Matin Hymn, &c." in the preceding couplet refer to other ancient customs of that Venerable Seminary.

WHITE, THOMAS

1810-1811

1812-1813

1814-1815

1816-1817

1818-1819

1820-1821

1822-1823

1824-1825

CHRISTMAS.

HENCE, Summer, indolently laid
To sleep beneath the cooling shade !
Panting quick with sultry heat,
Thirst and faint Fatigue retreat !

Come, CHRISTMAS, father Thou of Mirth,
Patron of the festive hearth,
Around whose social ev'ning flame
The jovial song, the winter game,
The chase renew'd in merry tale,
The season's carols never fail.
Who, tho' Winter chill the skies,
Canst catch the glow of exercise,
Following swift the foot-ball's course ;
Or with unresisted force,

Where Frost arrests the harden'd tide,
Shooting athwart the rapid slide.

Who, ere the misty morn is grey,
To some high covert hark'st away ;
While Sport, on lofty courser borne,
In concert winds his echoing horn
With the deeply-thund'ring hounds,
Whose clangour wild, and joyful sounds,
While Echo swells the doubling cry,
Shake the woods with harmony.
How does my eager bosom glow
To give the well-known TALLY-HO !
Or shew, with cap inverted, where
Stole away the cautious hare !

Or, if the blast of Winter keen
Spangles o'er the silvery green,
Booted high thou lov'st to tread
Marking, thro' the sedgy mead,

Where the creeping moor-hen lies,
Or snipes with sudden twittering rise.
Or joy'st the early walk to take
Where, thro' the pheasant-haunted brake
Oft as the well-aim'd gun resounds,
The eager-dashing spaniel bounds.

For thee of Buck my breeches tight,
Clanging whip, and rowels bright,
The hunter's cap my brows to guard,
And suit of sportive green 's prepar'd :
For, since these delights are thine,
CHRISTMAS, with thy bands I join.

FREE IMITATION

OF

A LATIN ODE,

BY WALTER DE MAPES,

ARCHDEACON OF OXFORD IN THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.

I.

I'LL in a tavern end my days
'Midst boon companions merry,
Place at my lips a lusty flask
Replete with sparkling sherry,
That angels hov'ring round may cry,
When I lie dead as door-nail:
" Rise, genial Deacon, rise and drink
" Of the Well of Life Eternal."

CANTILENA.

I.

*MIHI est propositum in tabernâ mori,
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
Ut dicant, cùm venerint Angelorum chori:
" Deus sit propitius huic Potatori !"*

II.

'Tis Wine the fading lamp of life
 Renews with flame celestial,
 And elevates th' enraptur'd sense
 Above this globe terrestrial ;
 Be mine the grape's pure juice unmixt
 With any base ingredient,
 Water to heretics I leave,
 Sound churchmen have no need on't.

CANTILENA.

II.

*Poculis accenditur animi lucerna ;
 Cor imbutum Nectare volat ad superna ;
 Mihi sapit dulcius vinum in tabernâ
 Quàm quod aquâ miscuit præsulis Pincerna.*

III.

Various implements belong
To ev'ry occupation ;
Give me an haunch of venison,
And a fig for inspiration !
Verses and odes without good cheer
I never could indite 'em,
Sure he who Meager Days devis'd
Is d——d ad infinitum !

CANTILENA.

III.

*Suum cuique proprium dat Natura munus,
Ego nunquam potui scribere jejunus ;
Me jejunum vincere posset puer unus,
Sitim et jejunium odi tanquam funus.*

IV.

When I exhaust the bowl profound
And gen'rous liquor swallow,
Bright as the beverage I imbibe
The gen'rous numbers follow ;
Your sneaking water-drinkers all
I utterly condemn 'em,
He that would write like Homer,
Must drink like Agamemnon.

CANTILENA.

IV.

*Tales versus facio quale vinum bibo,
Non possum scribere nisi sumpto cibo ;
Nihil valet penitùs quod jejunos scribo,
Nasonem post calices facile præibo.*

v.

Mysteries and prophetic truths,
I never could unfold 'em
Without a flagon of good wine
And a slice of cold ham ;
But when my flagon I have drain'd,
And ate what's in the dish up,
Tho' I am but an Arch-deacon, I
Can preach like an Archbishop.

CANTILENA.

v.

*Mihi nunquàm spiritus prophetiæ datur
Nisi cùm fuerit venter benè satur ;
Cùm in arce cerebri Bacchus dominatur
In me Phæbus irruit ac miranda fatur.*

S O N G.

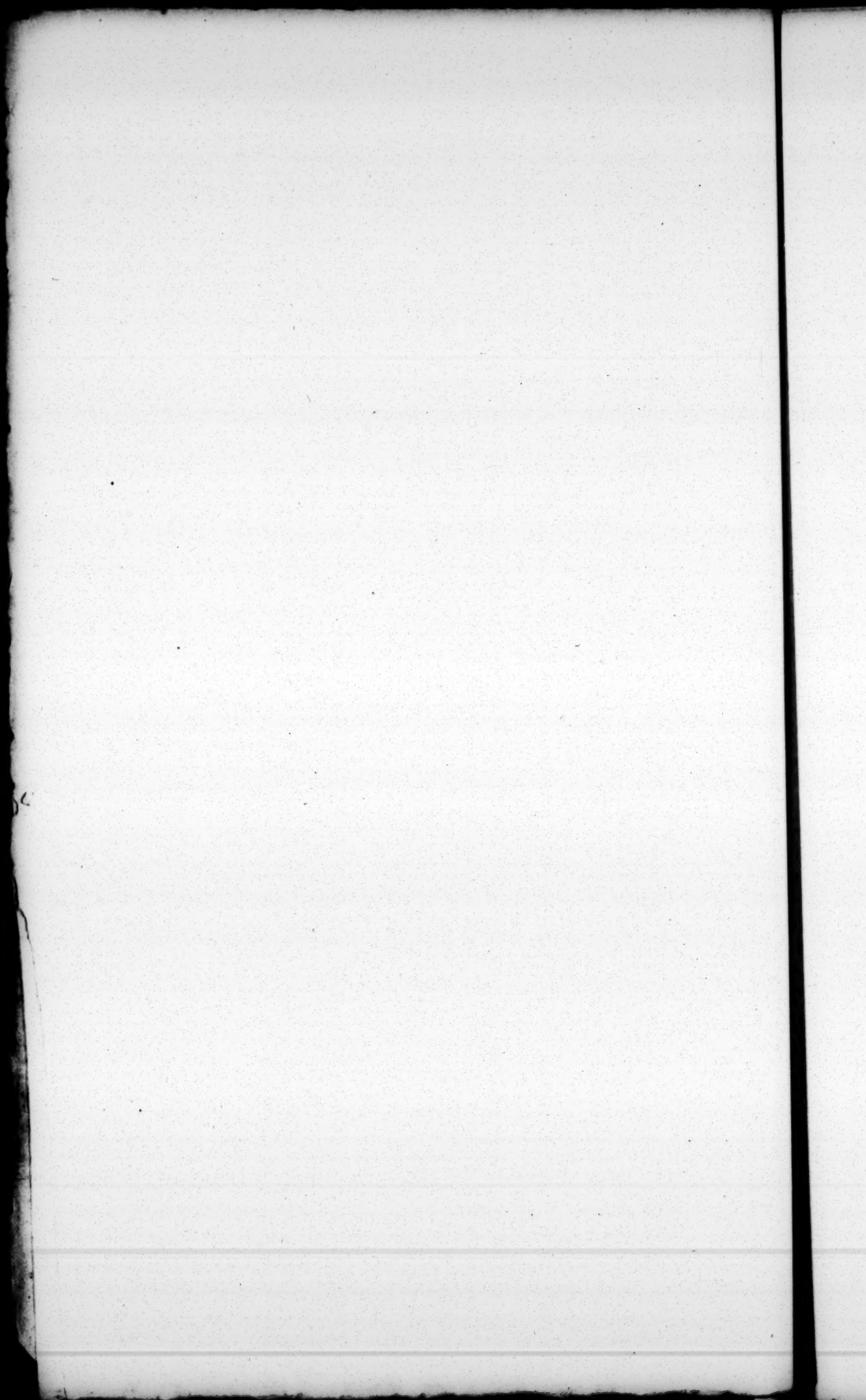
T O CHLOE kind and CHLOE fair,
With sparkling eye and flowing hair,
Tune the harp, and raise the song ;
Such as to Beauty doth belong !

Let the strain be sweet and clear ;
Such as through the listening ear,
In well-according harmony,
May with the 'tranced soul agree !

SHE is Pleasure's blooming Queen :
In the Morn more fresh her mien,
When awaken'd from repose,
Than the summer's dewy rose :
In the Ev'ning brighter far
Than the ocean-bathed star.

And when Night the friend of Love
Bids the silent hour improve,
To the ravished senses SHE
Gives joy, and bliss, and ecstasy.

THE
RENOWNED HISTORY
AND
RARE ACHIEVEMENTS
OF
JOHN W****S.
AN HEROICK BALLAD.



HEROICK BALLAD.

DICERE RES GRANDES NOSTRO DAT MUSA POETÆ.

PERSIUS, SAT. 1.

FULL often I have read, inscrib'd
On parchment and on vellum,
The deeds of Ancient Heroes and
The chances that befell 'em ;
And ballads I have heard rehears'd
By harmonists itinerant,
Who Modern Worthies celebrate,
Yet scarcely make a dinner on't :
Some of whom sprang from noble race,
And some were in pigstye born ;
Dependent upon Royal grace,
Or triple tree of Tyburn.

And sundry Gallants yet unsung,
 Who scarcely have their fellows,
 Amendments move in Parliament,
 Or live by mending bellows :
 But, of all who were or will be sung
 In solemn stave or ditty,
 There's none can vie with JOHNNY W-----s,
 The C-----n of the City.

CHORUS.

JOHN W-----s he was for Middlesex,
 They chose him Knight of the Shire :
 And he made a Fool of Alderman Bull,
 And call'd Parson Horne a Lyar.

Homer, for provender and fame
 When he was blind and pennyless,
 Descanted of the Spartan Dame
 Who a cuckold made of Menelaus :

His Heroes' sounding names you've heard
Whose blood or brains were spill'd in
Troy's siege, as long as Nestor's beard
Which rooks their nests did build in.
Virgil Æneas sung, of yore
Approv'd a valiant soldier,
Thro' slaughter, smoke and flame he bore
His Dad upon his shoulder :
(Else had some swaggering Grecian Boy
Soon made a hole in his skin,
And spitted him in burning Troy
To roast like a pork griskin.)
Æneas hence for piety
Was fam'd, or folks belie him ;
Yet Helenus was as good as he,
And Chaplain to King Priam.
But why the merits do I vaunt
Of chaplain or of layman ?
JOHN W-----s is brave as John of Gaunt,
Religious as a Bramin :
Where wit or weapon came in play
Nothing for JOHN was too hard ;

He wrote against the KING all day,
And at night he fought HIS STEWARD*.
Eke was he FRIAR OF MEDENHAM,
And liv'd in orthodoxy;
For, when he could not pray himself,
The MONKEY was his Proxy.

CHORUS.

JOHN W-----s he was for Middlesex, &c.

Old Shylock the Jew-broker
Was both covetous and cruel;
He hoarded up his ducats, and
He dined on watergruel;

* The late LORD TALBOT, Steward of the Household.

For an account of the MONASTERY of MEDENHAM, the Reader may consult the third volume of "CHRYSALE," or the Adventures of a Guinea.

And, when Anthonio could not pay
The monies he had borrow'd,
He pull'd out his Snickersnee
With imprecations horrid :
" Thy bond is forfeited," he cried,
" The Penalty, I ask it ;
" Ay, and a pound of Christian flesh
" I'll cut from thy bread-basket."
But, when poor SYLVA JOHN besought
That he would but name his Pay-day,
JOHN swore that he had no such word
In his Encyclopædia :
Whereat this patient Israelite
He waxed wondrous ire :
But lo ! JOHN chous'd him of his bond,
And he burnt it in the fire.

CHORUS.

JOHN W----s he was for Middlesex, &c.

Fair Hannah Snell her farthingale
Pull'd off and, under cover
Of breeches and a soldier's coat,
Pursued her absent lover :
Her bodkin, to a pike transform'd,
She brandish'd in her right hand,
And Frenchmen's souls thro' eyelet holes
I' their carcasses she frighten'd :
This female Musqueteer her foes
As flat as flounders laid 'em ;
Powder and ball serv'd her instead
Of powder and pomatum.
Paris, for love of Helena,
Kindled a fierce combustion ;
Consum'd in flames the town of Troy,
And Priam's breeches fustian.
And great Alcides, son of Jove,
Maugre his strength and valour,
For love of beauteous Omphale
Became a woman's taylor :
He, who th' Augëan stables cleans'd, ,
A kerchief hemm'd to please her :

Antæus once he squeez'd to death,
But now became mop-squeezer :
Yet all this he endur'd for Love,
And eke bore many an hard drub :
But for Love of Parson Horne's lac'd coat
JOHN—stole away his wardrobe.

CHORUS.

JOHN W----s he was for Middlesex, &c.

Mahomet, marching at the head
Of his victorious rabble,
His apostolic mission prov'd
With sword irrefragable ;
A Heaven of wine and women preach'd,
To make men more devout ;
And if he fail'd to turn their brains
His Saracens beat 'em out :
Gabriel took Mahomet to heav'n
And did a Mule provide him ;
And thus JOHN W----s to Brentford rode
With Parson Horne beside him :

There 'mongst the men of Middlesex
Renown and fame he got him,
And chosen was to mend the state,
Because 'twas old and rotten;
And Ch-----n was after made
For 's just and righteous dealings;
They wisely trusted to his charge
All their half-crowns and shillings.
Then a fig for Mecca's Saint, a fig
For Tartar, Turk, or Saracen!
Our Ch-----n that rascal-race
Excels beyond comparison:
Their Founder was an arrant cheat;
JOHN W-----s is no impostor:
He cares no more for the Alcoran
Than for the Pater Noster.

CHORUS.

JOHN W-----s he was for Middlesex, &c.

Renown'd in ancient story was
St. George, the Capadocian,
Whose spear, like Turkey-rhubarb, set
The Dragon's guts in motion.
Achilles Hector did assail,
Transfix'd him with his javelin,
Then dragg'd him at his horse's tail
Round every Trojan ravelin.
Ryance his mantle lined with beards
Of kings, instead of ermine * ;
And Arthur's royal chin to shave
With 's broadsword did determine ;
But Arthur quell'd the Welshman's boast,
He kill'd him dead as door-nail,
And sent him down his cheese to toast
At Pluto's fire infernal.
Intrepid Guy of Warwick to
A giant gave defiance,
Cut off his head and made him an
Example to all giants :

* See Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry.

A fierce Dun Cow came in his way,
And on the head he knock'd her ;
But valorous JOHN W----s, he cow'd
Sir William Beauchamp Proctor.

CHORUS.

JOHN W----s he was for Middlesex, &c.

Your Ostrich, he will swallow brass,
And iron he loves dearly :
He'll pick up a peck of tenpenny nails
As cocks and hens do barley.
POWELL, as some folks take small beer
To cool 'em when they 've drank hard,
Steep'd in his brandy capsicum,
Like burrage in cold-tankard :
And redhot coals, instead of rolls,
Ate for his breakfast duly,
Burnt brimstone, gunpowder, and pitch
To him were soup and bouillie :

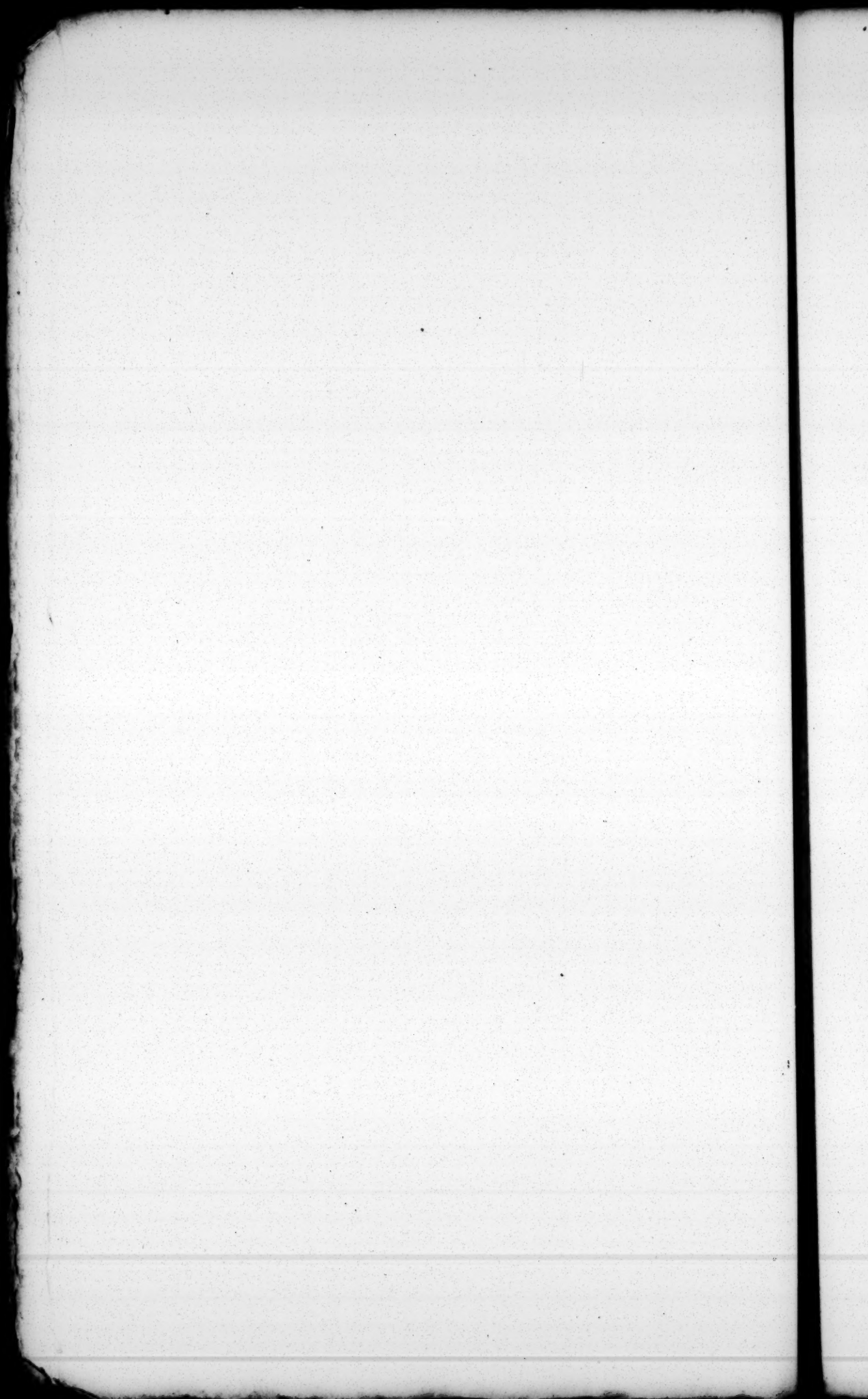
Sky-rockets, 'stead of sausages,
Ran hissing down his weasen ;
Wash'd down with aqua-fortis strong,
To keep his guts from freezing.
The Dragon of Wantley churches ate,
(He us'd to come on a Sunday)
Whole congregations were to him
A dish of Salmagundi :
He gave no quarter, no not he,
To clergymen or laymen :
Crack'd ev'n the Sexton's jobberknowl,
And spoil'd him for saying Amen :
He pouch'd the Prebendaries all,
Who ne'er gave him an ill word ;
Snapp'd up the Dean, as snug in his stall
As a maggot in a filbert.
The Corporation worshipful
He valued not an ace,
But swallow'd the Mayor, asleep in his chair,
And pick'd his teeth with the Mace.

He brows'd on monumental brass
Fix'd in the wall o' th' cloysters ;
And shoals of bawling choristers
He ate, like scallop'd oysters.
He quarrell'd with the steeple clock
And ate him while he was striking ;
Bell-ropes he munch'd for chitterlings,
Tho' they wer'n't so much to his liking :
Tombstones and monuments he took
For pills to cool his palate ;
And cropt the church-yard yew-trees all—
They serv'd him for a sallad.
The organ that so loud did roar
Devour'd he in his frolick ;
And batten'd on the bellows-blower,
For he fear'd not the wind-colick.
To 'scape his sacrilegious maw
This Dragon he gave none chance,
But swallow'd the knave that set the stave,
And felt no qualm of conscience :
Parsons were his black-puddings, and
Fat Aldermen his capons ;

And his tid-bit the Collection Plate
Brimful of Birmingham half-pence.
Clerks, Curates, Rectors, Bishops ate
This Dragon most uncivil;
And (but he never comes to church)
He would have ate the D---l.
But the Men of Aylesbury esteem
JOHN W----s a greater rarity:
They made Him Trustee for their School,
And He swallow'd up the CHARITY.

CHORUS.

JOHN W----s he was for Middlesex,
They chose him Knight of the Shire:
And he made a Fool of Alderman Bull,
And call'd Parson Horne a Liar.



BALLAD

ON THE BREAKING OF THE WATER-HEAD, NEAR
WINDSOR GREAT PARK,
COMMONLY CALLED THE ROND-HEAD.

WHEN *** was employ'd to construct the Pond Head,
As he ponder'd the task, to himself thus he said:
"Since a Head I must make, what's a head but a Noddle?
"So I think I had best take My Own for a model."
Derry down, &c.

Then his work our Projector began out of hand,
The outside he constructed with rubbish and sand,
But brains on this Head had been quite thrown away,
Those he kept for himself, so he lined it with clay.

An head thus compacted and well put together
 Bade defiance he thought both to water and weather,
 With profound admiration must strike all beholders,
 And all heads must surpass but the head on his shoulders.

The fam'd Friar Bacon he 'counted an ass,
 Tho' the head that He made was a blockhead of Brass;
 And he little suspected it e'er should be said,
 That himself all this while was not right in his Head.

But the water at length, to his utter dismay,
 A Bank-ruptcy made, and his Head ran away ;
 'Twas a thick head for certain ; but, had it been thicker,
 No head can endure that is always in liquor.

It was owing no doubt to some Capital error,
 That one Broken Head struck the country with terror;
 Yet 'twas well for the folks whom this deluge surrounded
 That, born to be hanged, there were none of them drowned.

TRUMP'S MILL in the Bottom was never supplied,
Since first it went round, with so plenteous a tide;
Yet the Miller he wish'd that our Head-maker's skill
Less water had sent and more grist to his mill.

Our Projector in truth left him little to brag on,
When his meal-sacks march'd off without horses or
waggon;
And to rescue himself he must fain stir his stumps:
Such an odd trick was play'd on this Miller of Trump's!

Yet *** full as ill as the Miller has sped,
And atones for his fault with the loss of his Head:
Tho' some folks will tell you, (believe 'em who list)
Long ago had he lost it, 't would ne'er have been miss'd.

Now, although I must own 'tis a difficult case,
In discussing this head, to preserve a grave face;
More compassion its Maker may challenge than satire,
Since 'tis plain that he can't keep his Head above water.

This at least may be urg'd in his favour I deem;
 His is not the first Head which has gone with the stream:
 And—as for his Honour—'tis safe you may swear,
 Since Butler has told us That lodges Elsewhere*.

Hence, by way of a Moral, the fallacy 's shewn
 Of the maxim that Two Heads are better than One:
 For none e'er was so scurvily dealt with before,
 By the Head that he made, and the Head that he wore.

Derry down, &c.

* ——— Hudibras gave him a twitch,
 As quick as light'ning in the br--ch,
 Just in the place where HONOUR 's lodg'd,
 As wise philosophers have judg'd,
 Because a kick in That Place more
 Hurts Honour than deep wounds before.

BUTLER'S HUDIBRAS, Part ii. C. 3.

WILLIAM OF WICKHAM,
A SONG,

FOR THE WICCAMICAL ANNIVERSARY, HELD AT THE
CROWN AND ANCHOR TAVERN.

I SING not your heroes of ancient romance:
Capadocian George, or Saint Dennis of France;
No chronicler I am
Of Troy and King Priam,
And those crafty old Greeks who to fritters did fry 'em:
But your voices, Brave Boys, one and all I bespeak 'em,
In due celebration of WILLIAM OF WICKHAM.

CHORUS.

Let WICKHAM's Brave Boys, at the Crown & the Anchor,
The flask never quit 'till clean out they have drank her;
And united maintain, whether sober or mellow
That old BILLY WICKHAM was a Very Fine Fellow.

The swain, who in amorous servitude glories,
Swears that Love builds his nest in the eyebrow of
Chloris;

While shafts from the quiver
Of that Urchin Deceiver,
Like the quills of a porcupine, stick in his liver:
But at WICKHAM's Brave Boys should he brandish his
dart,

We'll drown the Blind Rogue in a Winchester Quart.

CHORUS.

For WICKHAM's Brave Boys, &c.

Let Fomenters of fierce Opposition exclaim
That our rulers are blind and our politics lame;
Whose sole aim and wish is,
With loaves and with fishes
From the Treasury Board to replenish their dishes:
How such Orators fare, my Boys, who cares a button
While We have good Claret and Winchester Mutton,

CHORUS.

For WICKHAM's Brave Boys, &c.

Let the Soldier, who prates about storming the trenches
Of fortified towns and of fair-visag'd wenches,
My numbers give heed to,
And, drinking as we do,
Shut up in its scabbard his martial Toledo :
For we too shed blood, yet all danger escape,
Since the blood that we shed is the blood of the Grape.

CHORUS.

Let WICKHAM's Brave Boys, &c.

Let Lawyers, accustom'd to quarrel and brawl,
Play the devil as usual in Westminster Hall ;
Reputations bespatter,
Yet thrive and grow fatter,
While they dash Wrong and Right up as cookmaids
do Batter :
HERE good fellowship reigns and, what 's stranger by
far,
No mischief ensues from a Call to the BAR.

CHORUS.

Let WICKHAM's Brave Boys, &c.

The Empiric profound, who in heathenish Latin
Such potions prescribes as might poison old Satan,
With blister and bolus
And draught would cajole us,
'Till snug under ground he has clapt in a hole us:
But the wise Sons of WICKHAM his regimen slight,
They swallow no draughts but of Red Wine and White.

CHORUS.

LET WICKHAM'S Brave Boys, &c.

Ye Poetical Tribe, on Parnassus who forage,
Who prate of Jove's Nectar and Helicon-porridge,
Yet, for beef-steaks and brandy,
Set each Jack-a-dandy
On a level with Frederick, or Prince Ferdinandy:
What's the sword of King Arthur or Admiral Hosier
To WILLIAM of WICKHAM and his JOLLY OLD
CROSIER!

CHORUS.

Let WICKHAM'S Brave Boys at the Crown and the
Anchor, &c.

THE BARBER'S NUPTIALS.

QUI FACERE ASSUERAT—

CANDIDA DE NIGRIS.

OVID MET.

IN Liquorpond Street, as is well known to many,
An artist resided who shav'd for a penny,
Cut hair for three halfpence, for three-pence he bled,
And would draw for a groat ev'ry tooth in your head.

What annoy'd other folks never spoil'd his repose,
'Twas the same thing to him whether stocks fell or rose,
For blast and for mildew he car'd not a pin;
His Crops never fail'd, for They grew on the Chin.

Unvex'd by the cares that ambition and state has,
Contented he dined on his daily potatoes;
And the pence that he earn'd by excision of bristle
Were nightly devoted to whetting his whistle.

When copper ran low he made light of the matter,
Drank his purl upon tick at the Old Pewter Platter,
Read the News, and as deep in the Secret appear'd
As if he had lather'd the Minister's beard.

But Cupid, who trims men of every station,
And 'twixt barbers and beaux makes no discrimination;
Would not let this superlative Shaver alone,
'Till he tried if his heart was as hard as his hone.

The Fair One, whose charms did the BARBER enthrall,
At the end of Fleet Market of Fish kept a stall:
As red as her cheek no boil'd lobster was seen,
Not an eel that she sold was as soft as her skin.

By love strange effects have been wrought, we are told,
In all countries and climates, hot, temperate, and cold;
Thus the heart of our BARBER love scorch'd to a coal,
Tho' 'tis very well known he liv'd under the POLE.

First, he courted his charmer in sorrowful fashion,
And lied like a lawyer to move her compassion:
He should perish, he swore, did his suit not succeed,
And a BARBER to slay was a barbarous deed.

Then he alter'd his tone and was heard to declare,
If valour deserv'd the regard of the Fair,
That his Courage was tried, tho' he scorn'd to disclose
How many brave fellows he 'd took by the nose.

For his Politics too, they were thoroughly known,
A patriot he was to the very back bone;
WILKES he gratis had shav'd, for the good of the nation,
And he held the WHIG CLUB in profound veneration.

For his Tenets Religious,—he well could expound
Emanuel Swedenborg's myst'ries profound,
And new doctrines could broach with the best of 'em all,
For a perriwig-maker ne'er wanted a Caul.

Thus this Knight of the Bason confounded together
Courage, politics, love, inspiration, and lather :
But his hard-hearted mistress, she set him at nought ;
No gudgeon was she, nor so easily caught.

Indignant she answer'd : " No chin-scraping sot
" Shall be fasten'd to me by the conjugal knot,
" No!—to Tyburn repair, if a noose you must tie,
" Other fish I have got, Mr. Tonsor, to fry.

" Holborn-bridge and Black Friars my triumphs can tell,
" From Bilingsgate Beauties I've long borne the bell :
" Nay, tripemen and fishmongers vie for my favour—
" Then d'ye think I'll take up with a Twopenny Shaver?

" Let dory, or turbot the sov'reign of fish,
" Cheek by jowl with red herring be serv'd in one dish;
" Let sturgeon and sprats in one pickle unite,
" When I angle for husbands and Barbers shall bite."

But the BARBER persisted (Ah, could I relate 'em!)
To ply her with compliments soft as pomatum;
And took ev'ry occasion to flatter and praise her,
Till she fancied his wit was as keen as his razor.

He protested besides, if she 'd grant his petition,
She should live like a lady of rank and condition;
And to Bilingsgate market no longer repair,
But himself all her bus'ness would do to a hair:

That his heart was quite broken tho' once so obdurate,
And nought but Connubial Bandage could cure it,
With profuse panegyric his Charmer preferring
To maids, widdows and wives, fish, flesh & red-herring.

With fair speeches cajol'd, as you 'd tickle a trout,
'Gainst the BARBER the Fishwife no more could hold out,
He applied the right bait, 'twas with flattery he caught her;
Without flattery a female 's a fish out of water.

The state of her heart when the BARBER once guess'd
Love's siege with redoubled exertion he press'd;
And as briskly bestirr'd him, the fair one embracing,
As the washball that dances and froths in his bason.

The flame to allay that their bosoms did so burn,
They sat out for the church of St. Andrew in Holborn,
Where tonsors and trulls, country Dicks & their cousins,
In the halter of wedlock are tied up by dozens.

The Nuptials to grace came, from every quarter,
The Worthies at Rag Fair old caxons who barter;
Who the coverings of judges and counsellors' nobs
Cut down into majors, queues, scratches and bobs.

Musclemongers and oystermen, crimps, and coalheavers,
And butchers with marrowbones smiting their cleavers;
Shrimp-scalders and sow-gelders, taylors and tylers,
Bawds, bug-killers, bailiffs, and blackpudding-boilers.

From their voices united such melody flow'd
As the Abbey ne'er witness'd, nor Tott'nham Court
Road:

While Saint Andrew's brave bells did so loud and so
clear ring,

You'd have given ten pounds to 've been out of their
hearing.

For his fee—when the Parson this couple had join'd,
As no Cash was forthcoming, he took it in Kind:
So the Bridegroom dismantled his Rev'rence's chin,
And the Bride entertain'd him with pilchards and gin.

THE CLIMAX.

BEFORE I came to London
I us'd to sip TEA with my Mother,
And I thought it a treat
If SMALL-BEER I could get
To drink with my Elder Brother.
Tol-de-rol, &c.

But my Father condemn'd this practice,
He hector'd and swore like mad—Sir:
Said he, "Give him ALE,
"For That will never fail
"To make him as stout as his Dad—Sir."
Tol-de-rol, &c.

Soon after, our Ned the Butler
Took me down to taste some October:—
Cried he, "Never fear
" To drink STRONG-BEER,
" But swallow it, drunk or sober."

Tol-de-rol, &c.

But when I arriv'd in London
Of PORTER I drank my pot—Sir,
A pipe did I funk,
And so oft got drunk,
That my Sister call'd me a Sot—Sir.

Tol-de-rol, &c.

From Beer to WINE I ascended
By a series of just gradation:
'Till my friends would me jog
With—"There 's a jolly Dog!
" Soon shall tope with the best of the nation."

Tol-de-rol, &c.

With a Blood then I got acquainted,
Who strait prov'd wond'rous handy :
For he taught me to swear
Like a Grenadier ;
And always drink RUM or BRANDY.

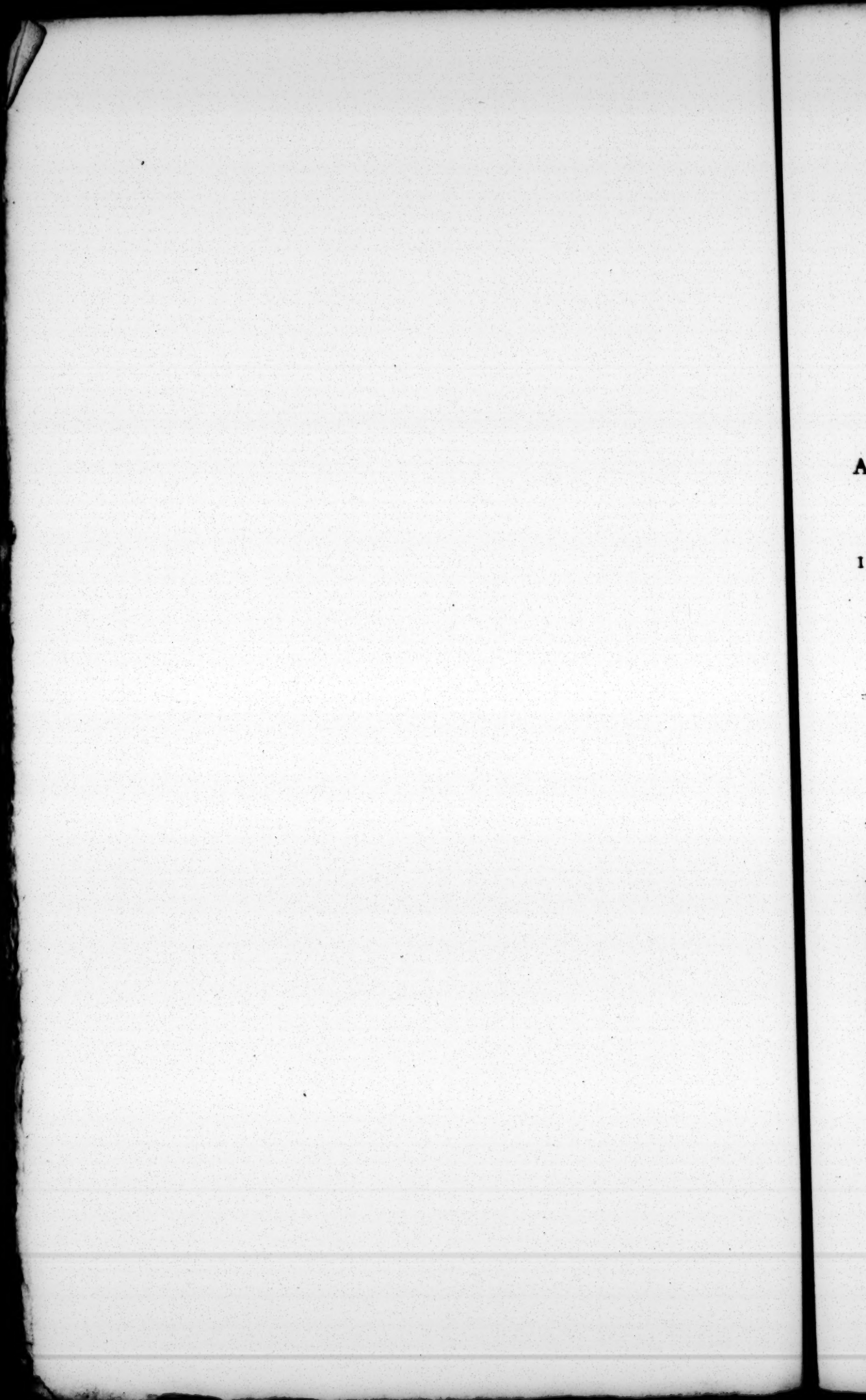
Tol-de-rol, &c.

Thus I to Drams betook me,
And Wine I drank no longer :
Sometimes I threw in
GUNPOWDER to my GIN,
To make the potion stronger.

Tol-de-rol, &c.

But, considering all things earthly,
That the Span of Life so short is :—
Whate'er you may think,
I still shall drink,
Till I come to AQUA-FORTIS.

Tol-de-rol, &c.



A MORSEL FOR A MUSSULMAN:

OR

A REVELATION OF THE FUTURE STATE OF DECEASED FEMALES,

IN REFUTATION OF THE SUPPOSED MAHOMETAN
DOCTRINE, ASSERTING THAT WOMEN HAVE NO
SOULS, AND ARE EXCLUDED FROM PARADISE.

— NON ME IMPIA NAMQUE
TARTARA HABENT TRISTESQUE UMBRÆ: SED AMÆNA—
CONCILIA ELYSIUMQUE COLO.—

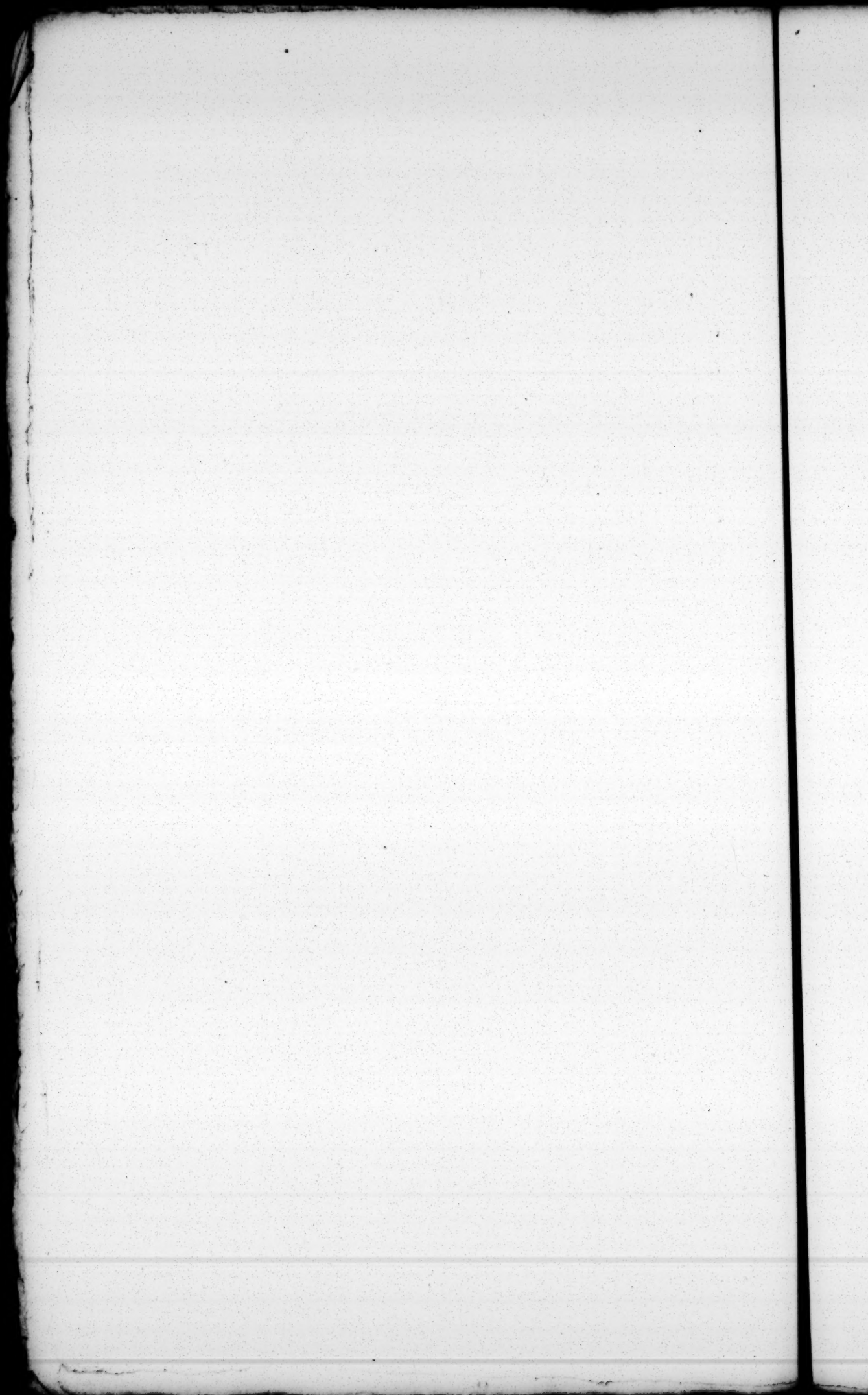
VIRG. ÆN. L. 5.

FROM the blest realms where Paradise displays
Her empyræan splendour's ceaseless blaze,
And bids her groves of vegetable gold
To genial gales immortal blooms unfold;
From nectar'd streams where Houris, heavenly-fair,
Bathe the bright tresses of their odorous hair;

To Zeineb, loveliest of the passive train
That 'midst the Haram's hated glooms complain,
Alzira's happy Shade appearing, steals
A pause from bliss, and thus her state reveals:

“ Say to the tyrant Man, whose pride denies
“ Thy sex a Soul, and bars them from the skies,
“ That when the date of female worth expires,
“ And sickening Nature yields her latest fires,
“ When beams no more the lustre of the eye,
“ And Death o'er Beauty hails his victory,
“ To life by Fate recall'd, the Sex assume
“ Celestial charms, and never-fading bloom ;
“ In roseate bowers recline, or blisful rove
“ Thro' scenes of boundless joy and rapturous love ;
“ That there, so Heaven ordains, a blooming band
“ Of Youths, obsequious to each Fair's command,
“ Attentive waits, and, as her fancy wills,
“ Each task of duty or of love fulfills.—

- “ Then to the peremptory Tyrant say :
“ Who hopes this lot in Heav’n must here obey,
“ Bow to superior worth, to sense refin’d,
“ Bless the benignant sway of Womankind,
“ Hail the fair Fabrick of an Hand Divine,
“ And own the SOUL that animates the Shrine.—
“ Or, driven for ever from the realms above,
“ His Soul in vain shall pant for Heavenly Love.”



THE PARADOX:
OR
NED FRIGHTENED OUT OF HIS WITS.

CAVE NE TITUBES. MOR. EP. L. 1. EP. 13.

EMPTY the flask, discharg'd the score,
NED stagger'd from the tavern door,
And falling in his drunken fits,
Crippled his Nose and lost his Wits;
But, from the kennel soon emerging,
His nose repairs by help of surgeon:
That done, the Leech peeps in his brain
To find his Wits,—but peeps in vain.
“ 'Tis hard,” the Patient cries, “ to lose
“ Wits not a whit the worse for use;
“ Wits which I always laid aside
“ For great occasions, cut and dried;”
(‘Tho’ here the case was falsely put:
His Wits were dried, Himself was Cut.)
“ Wits like the Continental Aloe,
“ That for a century lies fallow;

“ Wits never prodigally wasted;
“ Like choice conserves, but rarely tasted :
“ Wits husbanded, not spent at random ;
“ Cork’d up like cordials for my Grandam :
“ Wits, which, if all your wealth could buy—Sir,
“ You would not be a jot the wiser.”

Tho’ plain appear’d in ev’ry face
A fellow-feeling of his case,
Yet still, to shew Their Wits were sound,
His boon Companions throng around,
And sagely, one and all, accost him:
“ Zounds, NED, I wonder how you lost ’em!”

Ah! let them drink their Port in peace,
For miracles will never cease!
And, if NED’S LOSS OF WITS astound ’em,
Zounds,—how they’ll wonder when HE’S FOUND
’EM!

ADDRESS
OF AN INDIAN GIRL TO AN ADDER.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1740.

BY AN EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTER, THEN A
SCHOLAR OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

STAY, stay, thou lovely fearful Snake!
Nor hide thee in yon darksome brake;
But let me oft thy form review,
Thy sparkling eyes, and golden hue:
From thence a chaplet shall be wove
To grace the youth I dearest love.

Then, ages hence, when Thou no more
Shalt glide along the sunny shore,
Thy copied beauties shall be seen;
Thy vermeil red and living green
In mimic folds thou shalt display:
Stay, lovely, fearful ADDER, stay!

EPITAPHIUM SUSANNÆ SERLE,

IN ECCLESIA DE TESTWOOD, IN COMITATU HANT:

CONJUX chara Vale!—Tibi, Maritus,
Hoc pono memori manu sepulchrum :
At quales lacrymas Tibi rependam,
Dum tristi recolo, Susanna, corde
Quàm constans, animo neque impotente,
Tardi sustuleras acuta lethi,
Me spectans placidis supremum ocellis!—
Quòd si pro meritis vel Ipse flerem,
Quo fletu tua Te relicta Proles,
Proles parvula, ritè prosequetur
Custodem, sociam, ducem, parentem!
At quorsùm lachrymæ?—Valeto, raræ
Exemplum pietatis, O Susanna!

L I N E S
ON THE LATE AMERICAN WAR.
WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1778.

U P O N a trestle P I G was laid,
And a sad squealing sure It made ;
K I L L - P I G stood by with knife and steel :
“ Lie quiet, can’t you !—Why d’ye squeal ?
“ Have I not fed you with my Pease,
“ And now, for trifles such as these,
“ Will you rebel ?—Brimful of victual,
“ Won’t you be kill’d and cur’d a little ?”
To whom thus P I G G Y in reply :
“ Think’st thou that I shall quiet lie,
“ And that for P E A S E my Life I’ll barter ?”—
“ Then P I G G Y, you must shew your Charter ;
“ Shew You ’re exempted more than Others,
“ Else go to pot like all your brothers.—

[PIG STRUGGLES.

" Help, Neighbours! help!—this PIG 's so strong,

" I think I cannot hold him long.

" Help, Neighbours! I can't keep him under!

" Where are ye all?—See, by your blunder,

" He's burst his cords!—A brute uncivil,

" He's gone!—I'll after—

[Exit PIG, and KILL-PIG after him with the KNIFE, &c.

CHORUS OF NEIGHBOURS.

To the Devil!

EXTEMPORE

ON A SNARLING AGENT OF LORD A*****'S, AT
WHITEHAM, NEAR OXFORD.

I am his Lordship's Doc at Whiteham,
And whom he bids me bite, I bite 'em.

EPIGRAMMATA.

IN SOMNIS VIDERAT HERMOGENEM.

REGES occidunt verbis, basiliscus ocello,
Aëre desævit pestis, et ore leo :
Esse tamen Medicis propfiora negotia Fati
Creditur, UMBRA eadem est MORTIS et HERMO-
GENIS.

LONGA DIES IGITUR QUID CONTULIT?

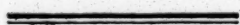
LONGA DIES igitur quid contulit, Optime quæris?
NOCTEM, ni fallor, contulit illa BREVEM.

IN TONSOREM VERSIFICANTEM.

Quid TIBI cum PHÆBO?—non est BARBATUS Apollo.

EPITAPHIUM JUVENIS QUI PROPTER AMOREM
 "MOLLY STONE" MORTEM SIBI CONSCIVIT.

MOLLY fuit Saxum; si Saxum MOLLE fuisset
 Non foret Hic subtùs, sed superesset Eam.



IN ILLUSTRISSIMAM DOMINAM——
 IN AGRO BLENH——'περῆσαν.

Salve! Regia Virgo, quæ recenti
 Largè nostra rigas vireta rivo!—
 O, quæ tam benè mingis et benignè,
 Vero nomine dicta PRINCIPISSA!

EPIGRAMS.

ON A FAVOURITE DOG, WHO REGULARLY ACCOMPANIED
HIS MISTRESS TO CHURCH.

'T_{is} held by folks of deep research,
He 's a GOOD DOG who goes to Church :
As good I hold Him every whit
Who stays at home and turns the Spit.
For 'though GOOD DOGS to Church may go,
Yet going There don't make them So.

While DICK to Combs hostility proclaims,
A neighbouring taper sets his hair in flames."—
The blaze extinct, permit us to inquire :
" Were there no Lives lost, RICHARD, in THIS FIRE?"

IGNOTUM OMNE PRO MAGNIFICO.

Averse to pamper'd and high-mettled steeds,
His Own upon chopt Straw AVARO feeds:
Bred in His stable, in His paddock born,
What vast ideas They must have of Corn!



A CASE OF CONSCIENCE;

SUBMITTED TO A LATE DIGNITARY OF THE CHURCH

ON

HIS NARCOTICK EXPOSITION OF THE FOLLOWING TEXT:

"WATCH AND PRAY, LEST YE ENTER INTO TEMPTATION."

By our PASTOR perplext,
How shall we determine?—
"Watch and Pray," says the TEXT,
"Go to sleep," says the SERMON.

MONODY
ON
THE DEATH OF DICK,
AN ACADEMICAL CAT.

—MI-CAT INTER OMNES.

MOR. CARM. LIB. 1. ODE 12.

MONODY
ON
THE DEATH OF DICK.

YE Rats, in triumph elevate your ears!
Exult, ye Mice!—for Fate's abhorred shears
Of DICK's nine lives have slit the Catguts nine;
Henceforth he mews 'midst choirs of Cats divine!
Tho' nine successive lives protract their date,
E'en Cats themselves obey the call of Fate;
Whose formidable Fiat sets afloat
Mortals, and mortal Cats, in Charon's boat:
Fate, who Cats, Dogs, and Doctors makes his prize
That grace Great Britain's Universities.

Where were ye, Nymphs,—when to the silent coast
Of gloomy Acheron DICK travell'd post?

Where were ye, Muses, in that deathful hour?—
Say, did ye haunt the Literary Bower
Where Science sends her Sons in STOCKINGS BLUE
To barter praise for soup with M*****?
Or Point prepare for B*****'s Anecdote,
Or Songs inspire, and fit 'em to his Throat?—
For not on ISIS' classic shores ye stray'd,
Nor brew'd with CHERWELL's wave your lemonade;
Nor assignations kept with Grizzled Elves,
Where Learning sleeps on BODLEY's groaning
shelves;
Nor, where no poet glows with kindred fire,
Wept o'er your favourite WARTON's silent Lyre.

While venal Cats (leagued with degenerate Curs,
Of faded Prudes the four-legg'd pensioners)
On the soft Sofa rang'd in order due,
For eleemosynary muffin mew,
Regardless of the meed that Fame bestows,
Their tail a feather for each wind that blows;

Thee, generous DICK, the Cat-controlling Powers
Ordain'd to mouse in Academic Bowers :
Bade Thee the sacred stream of Sapience sip,
And in Piërean Cream thy whiskers dip !

Enshrin'd celestial Cateries among,
The sable Matron, from whose loins he sprung,
Who trac'd her high descent through ages dark
From Cats that caterwaul'd in Noah's Ark,
Stern, brindled nurse, with unremitting care,
To high achievements train'd her tabby heir ;
On Patriot Cats his young attention fix'd,
And many a cuff with grave instruction mix'd ;
Taught the great Truth, to half his race unknown :
" Cats are not kitten'd for themselves alone ;
" But hold from Heav'n their delegated claws,
" Guardians of Larders, Liberty, and Laws."

" Let Cats and Catlings of ignoble line
" Slumber in bee-hive chairs, in dairies dine ;

“ Shun Thou the shades of Cat-enfeebling Ease!
“ Watch o’er the weal of Rhedycinian cheese;
“ The melting marble of Collegiate Brawn
“ For Heads of Houses guard, and Lords in Lawn;
“ And keep each recreant rat and mouse in awe
“ That dares to shew his nose in GOLGOTHA*.
“ So may the brightest honours of the Gown
“ Thy riper years and active virtue crown!—
“ Say, shall not Cats, fraught with ethereal fire †,
“ To seats of letter’d eminence aspire?—
“ Caligula a consul made his Steed;
“ What tho’ the beast could neither write nor read,
“ Yet could he talents negative display,
“ And silence Opposition with his Neigh.
“ If Charles of Sweden swore he would depute,
“ The senate to control, his old Jack Boot;

* GOLGOTHA, “ The place of a Scull,” a name ludicrously appropriated to the Place in which the HEADS of Colleges assemble.

† Electrical sparks elicited by friction from a cat’s back.

" If modern taste a LEARNED PIG reveres,
" And Pigs unlearn'd keep company with PEERS*;
" If erst Rome's papal crown a Gossip wore,
" Then, DICK, Thou, may'st become Vice-Chancellor.

" Might I but live, tho' crazy, old, and sick,
" To see thee stalk behind thy Beadles, DICK!
" Behold, my brindled boy with conscious pride
" O'er convocated Grizzle-Wigs preside!
" Hear thee, e'er I explore my latest home,
" Confer Degrees in SHELDON'S spacious Dome!
" See thee in scarlet robe encase thy fur,
" And at St. MARY'S venerably purr!—
" Then let me be translated to the skies,
" And close in welcome death these gooseb'ry eyes!

* The social Porker here alluded to, is well known to have been the assiduous companion of Lord M—t Edg——'s excursions.

“ Yet think not, Darling DICK, that Fame allows
“ Her glorious palm, unearn'd, to grace thy brows:
“ By toil Herculean and profound research
“ Expect to thrive in Politics or Church!
“ The herd who worship at Preferment's shrine
“ No servile task, no sacrifice, decline ;
“ Courtiers for coronets their conscience pawn,
“ Clerks in prunello creep, then soar in lawn,
“ See, with the Ribband grac'd and radiant Star,
“ The Chief that waged the Continental War!
“ Such palms diminish'd realms can yet afford
“ To patriotic H*****'s protracting Sword!
“ See W*****s, untrusted with the CITY KEY
“ Till he made fools of all the Livery!
“ See grov'ling S***** the wealth of India share:
“ He taught the Hindù Race to feed on air!

“ Mark the career of Rhedycina's Bard;—
“ Not such His Toil, not such His Vast Reward.
“ Glean'd from Antiquity's exhaustless mine,
“ He bade the gems of Science brighter shine;

“ His care retriev'd each venerable name
“ Reft by Oblivion from the rolls of Fame,
“ And with new glory crown'd the strains sublime
“ That echoed from the Harps of elder time.
“ 'Twas his, 'midst mouldering palms of Chivalry,
“ To braid the deathless blooms of Poesy;
“ On Learning's gloom the rays of Taste to pour,
“ And gild with genuine Wit the social hour;
“ Affection and applause alike he shar'd;
“ All lov'd the Man, all venerate the Bard:
“ Ev'n Prejudice his fate afflicted hears,
“ And Letter'd Envy sheds reluctant Tears.—

“ Of genius, taste, philanthropy, and sense,
“ Candour, and Wit—behold the Recompence!
“ No sinecure, no venerable stall,
“ He fills, o'ercanopied with crimson pall;
“ No Choir obsequious waits his dread commands,
“ Where supple Vergers pace with silver wands;
“ Where soft reclines in velvet pomp supreme,
“ DIVINITY entranc'd in Mitrous dream:

" No coin his meed—for classic fobs unfit—
" For, ah! what fellowship has Wealth with Wit!
" Such worth THE LAUREL could alone repay,
" Profan'd by CIBBER, and contemn'd by GRAY*;
" Yet hence its Wreath shall new distinction claim,
" And, tho' it gave not, take from WARTON, fame.

While glory's steep ascent GRIMALKIN shews,
DICK's breast with emulative ardour glows;
His emerald eyes with richer radiance roll,
And ALL THE CAT awakens in his soul.
Within the tender velvet of his paw
Tho' yet unbloodied lurks each virgin claw,
Anticipated palms his hope descries,
And conquests gain'd o'er visionary mice:

* On the death of Cibber the place of Poet Laureate was offered by Lord John Cavendish, at the desire of the late Duke of Devonshire, then Lord Chamberlain, to Mr. GRAY, who refused to accept it.

See Mason's Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Gray.

Tho' much for milk, more for renown he mews,
And nobler objects than his Tail pursues.

O, could I call the Muses from the spheres
To sing the triumphs of his riper years!
What strife the larder's conscious shelves beheld!
What congregated rats his valour quell'd!
What mice descended, at each direful blow,
To nibble brimstone in the realms below!—
The Victor, who his foes in furious mood
Hurl'd from the Granic to the Stygian flood;
Churchill, whose bounty fainting Frenchmèn gave
Soup-meagre gratis in the Danube's wave;
Heathfield, whose red-hot vengeance Spain defied,
Blist'ring, like Spanish flies, Old Neptune's hide;
Who plung'd his enemies, a whisker'd group,
In green waves twice as hot as green pease' soup,
While Fate on Calpe's summit sat and smil'd
To see the dingy Dons like lobsters boil'd,
Or by the light'ning of th' exploded shell
Dispatch'd to seek a cooler birth in Hell—

All Heroes, bloody, brave, or politic,
All, all should yield preeminence to DICK :
And everlasting laurels, thick as hops,
Wreath their bright foliage round his brindled chops.

Mysterious Powers who rule the destinies
Of conquerors and kings, of cats and mice,
Why did your will the Pylian Chief decree
Three centuries, unspectacled, to see,
Yet summon from his patriot toils away
Illustrious DICK, before his beard was grey?
Of valour, sense, or skill, how vain the boast!—
DICK seeks the shades, an undistinguish'd ghost,
And turns his tail on this terrestrial ball,
Dismiss'd without Mandamus Medical ;
Sent, without purge or catapotium,
In prime of cat-hood to the Catacomb ;
No Doctor fee'd, no regimen advis'd,
Unpill'd, unpoultic'd, unphlebotomiz'd!

Ye sage Divines, if so concise our span,
Who for preferment would turn Cat in pan?
Since Clergymen and Cats one fate betides,
And worms shall eat their sermons and their hides!

Polecats, who DICK's disastrous end survive,
Shall bless their stars that they still stink alive;
Muskcats shall feel a melancholy qualm,
And with their sweets departed DICK embalm;
Cats in each clime and latitude that dwell,
Brown, sable, sandy, grey, and tortoiseshell,
Of titles obsolete, or yet in use,
Tom, Tybert, Roger, Rutterkin*, or Puss;
Cats who with wayward Hags the moon control,
Unchain the winds, and bid the thunders roll;

* RUTTERKIN.—A Cat of this name was Cater-cousin to the great great great great great great great great grandmother of GRIMALKIN; and First Cat in the Caterie of an old woman who was tried for bewitching a Daughter of the Countess of Rutland in the beginning of the Sixteenth Century.

Brave in enchanted sieves the boist'rous main,
 And royal barks with adverse blasts detain *;
 Nay Two-legg'd Cats, as well as Cats with four,
 Shall DICK's irreparable loss deplore.

Cats who frail nymphs in gay assemblies guard,
 As buckram stiff, and bearded like the pard;

* " Moreover she confessed that she took a Cat and christened
 " it, &c. &c. and that in the night following, the said Cat was con-
 " veyed into the middest of the sea by all these Witches sayling in
 " their RIDDLES, or CIVES, and so left the said Cat right before the
 " towne of Leith in Scotland. This doone, there did arise such a
 " tempest at Sea as a greater hath not been seen, &c."

" Againe it is confessed that the said christened CAT was the
 " cause of the Kinges Majestie's shippe, at his comming forthe of
 " Denmarke, had a contrarie winde to the rest of the shippes then
 " beeing in his companie, which thing was most straunge and true,
 " as the Kinges Majestie acknowledgeth, for when the rest of the
 " shippes had a fair and good winde, then was the winde contrarie
 " and altogether against his Majestie, &c."

Old Pamphlet entitled, " NEWES FROM SCOTLAND, &c. &c. &c."
 Printed in the Year 1591, by William Wright.

See Notes on the Tragedy of Macbeth in Johnson and Steevens'
 edition of Shakspeare.

Calumnious Cats who circulate faux pas,
And reputations maul with murd'rous claws ;
Shrill Cats whom fierce domestic brawls delight,
Cross Cats who nothing want but teeth to bite,
Starch Cats of puritanic aspect sad,
And learned Cats who talk their husbands mad ;
Confounded Cats who cough, and croak, and cry,
And maudlin Cats who drink eternally ;
Prim Cats of countenance and mien precise,
Yet oft'ner hankering for men than mice ;
Curst Cats whom nought but castigation checks,
Penurious Cats who buy their coals by pecks,
Fastidious Cats who pine for costly cates,
And jealous Cats who catechise their mates ;
Cat-Prudes who, when they 're ask'd the question,
 squall,
And ne'er give answer Categorical ;
Uncleanly Cats who never pare their nails,
Cat-Gossips full of Canterbury tales,
Cat-Grandams vex'd with asthmas and catarrhs,
And superstitious Cats who curse their stars ;

Cats who their favours barter for a bribe,
And canting Cats, the worst of all the tribe!
And faded Virgin-Cats, and Tabbies old,
Who at quadrille remorseless mouse for gold;
Cats of each class, craft, calling, and degree
Mourn DICK'S calamitous Catastrophe.

Yet, while I chant the cause of RICHARD'S End,
Ye sympathizing Cats, your tears suspend!
Then shed enough to float a dozen whales,
And use, for pocket-handkerchiefs, your tails!—

Fame says (but Fame a sland'rer stands confess'd,)
Dick his own Sprats, like Bamber Gascoigne, dress'd:
But to the advocates of truth 'tis known,
He neither staid for grace nor gridiron.
Raw Sprats he swore were worth all fish beside,
Fresh, stale, stew'd, spitchcock'd, fricasseed or fried:
Then swallow'd down a score without remorse,
And three fat Mice slew for a second course:

But, while the third his grinders dyed with gore,
Sudden those grinders clos'd—to grind no more!
And (dire to tell!) commission'd by Old Nick,
A Catalepsy made an end of DICK.

Thus from the Pasty's furious escalade,
Where blood, to gravy turn'd, embrown'd his blade,
(That all-encountering blade which scorn'd to fear
Broil'd gizzards charged with Kian-gunpowder)
From rais'd-crust levell'd never more to rise,
From ducks dispatch'd, and massacred minc'd pies,
From turkey-poults transfix'd and Sirloins slash'd,
From marrow-puddings maul'd, and custards
quash'd,
Crimpt cod, and mutilated mackarel,
And desolation of the Turtle's shell
Some Alderman of giant appetite
A Surfeit sweeps to everlasting night:
Imbibing claret with his latest breath,
And brandishing his knife and fork in death,

Downward a gormandizing ghost he goes,
 And bears to Hell fresh fuel on his nose;
 For Calipash explores th' infernal scene*,
 And wishes Phlegethon one vast Terrene.

O Paragon of Cats, whose loss distracts
 My soul, and turns my tears to Cataracts,
 Nor craft nor courage could thy doom prorogue!
 Dick, premier Cat upon the Catalogue
 Of Cats that grace a caterwauling age,
 Scar'd by Fate's Cat-call quits this earthly stage;
 Dire fled the arrow that laid RICHARD flat,
 And sickening Glory saw Death shoot a Cat.

* ——— Petit Ille dapes, ———

Oraque vana movet, dentemque in dente fatigat,
 Exercetque cibo delusum gutter inani,
 Proque epulis tenues nequicquàm devorat auras.

OVID. MET. LIB. VIII.

Ah! tho' thy bust adorn no sculptur'd shrine,
No Vase thy relics rare to fame consign,
No rev'rend characters thy rank express,
Nor hail thee, DICK! D. D. nor F. R. S.
Tho' no funereal cypress shade thy tomb,
For thee the wreaths of Paradise shall bloom.
There, while GRIMALKIN'S mew her RICHARD
greet,

A thousand Cats shall purr on purple seats:
E'en now I see, descending from his throne,
Thy venerable Cat, O Whittington!
The kindred excellence of RICHARD hail,
And wave with joy his gratulating tail!
There shall the worthies of the Whisker'd Race
Elysian Mice o'er floors of sapphire chase,
Midst beds of aromatic marum stray,
Or raptur'd rove beside the Milky Way.
Kittens, than Eastern Houris fairer seen,
Whose bright eyes glisten with immortal green,
Shall smooth for Tabby Swains their yielding fur,
And to their amorous Mews assenting purr.—

There, like Alcmena's, shall GRIMALKIN's, SON
In bliss repose,—his mousing labours done,
Fate, Envy, Curs, Time, Tide and Traps defy,
And Caterwaul to all eternity.



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